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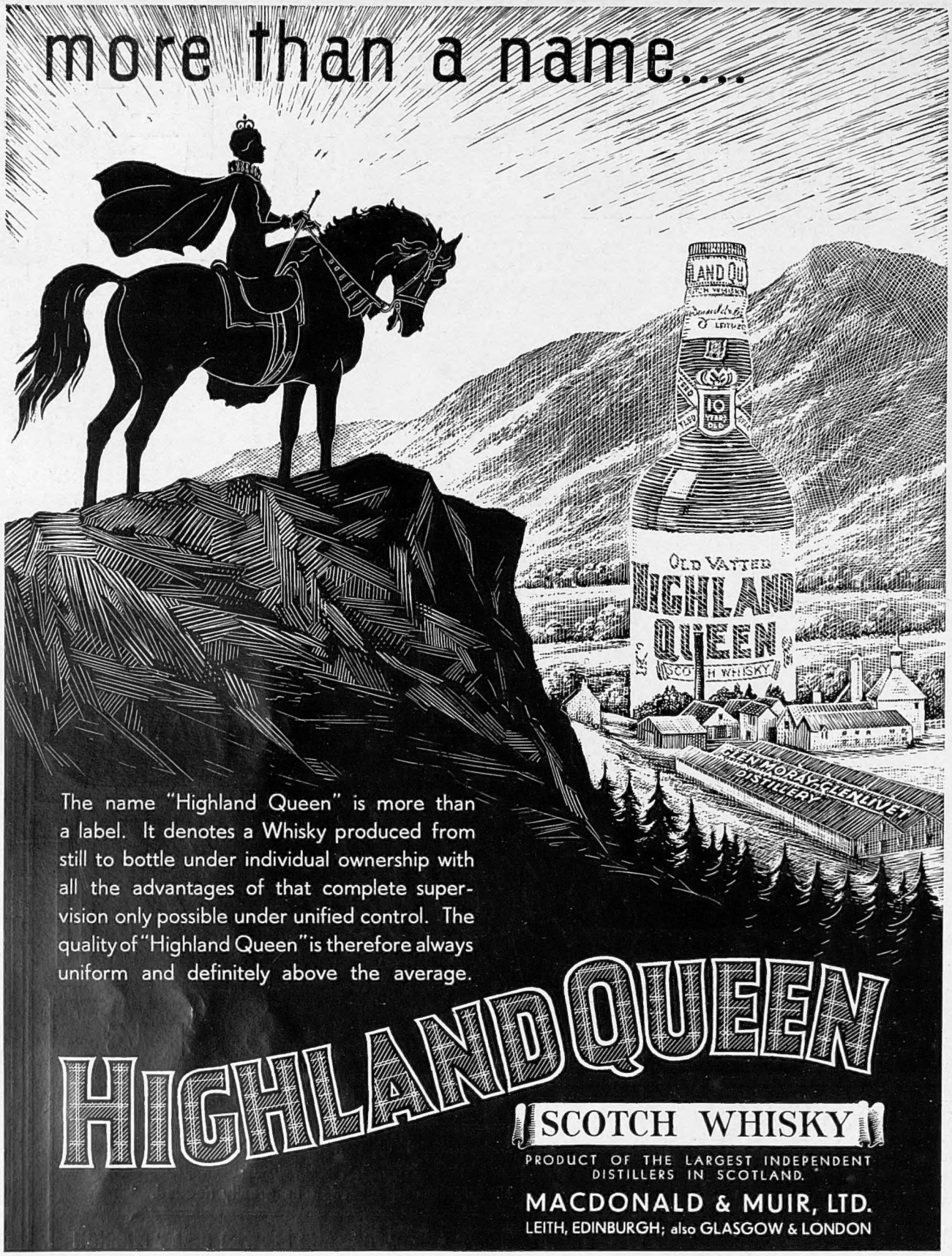

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall.—Whitesand Bay Hotel.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2215.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
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Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

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ENGLAND—*continued*

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Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
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Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
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Callander.—Palace Hotel.
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Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
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Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
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Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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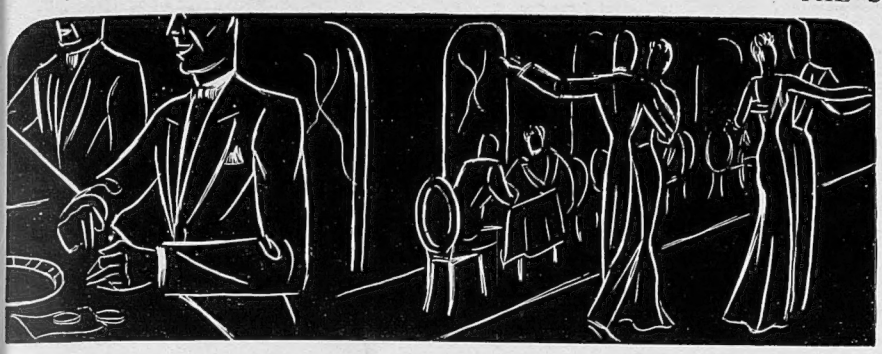

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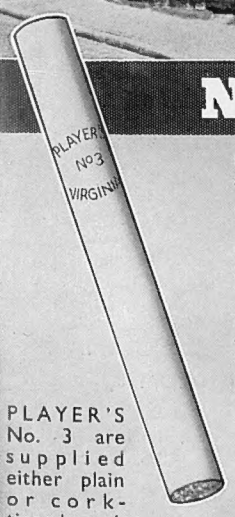

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Mr. Percy Bradley, in "The Sphere," 22nd October, 1938.

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Volume CLVII No. 2048

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 22, 1939

ALBANIA UNDER ITALY

Muslim Citizens Forgather to Read the Latest Italian Decrees for their Governance

Since Italy's Good Friday coup, events have moved swiftly in Albania and a decidedly bewildered people has looked on while the Constituent Assembly has offered the crown to King Victor Emmanuel, thus forfeiting the last shred of the country's independence, and placed the whole administration unreservedly in the hands of Signor Mussolini. In the words of M. Ypi, President of the Provisional Council, "the Duce is a greater man than Cæsar or Hannibal, is strong both in word and action, and will not allow this little but ancient people to be lost. We expect from him our national liberty, our language, our national flag, peace, and justice." M. Ypi's sentiments are not shared by the Muslim world at large, however. Feeling regarding Mussolini's action still runs high in the Near East, and the Arab press in Palestine and the Levant ridicules his assumption of the title "Protector of Islam." In Beirut there have been a number of anti-Italian demonstrations and on every hand there is evidence that Italy no longer commands the Muslim sympathy for which she has so long worked

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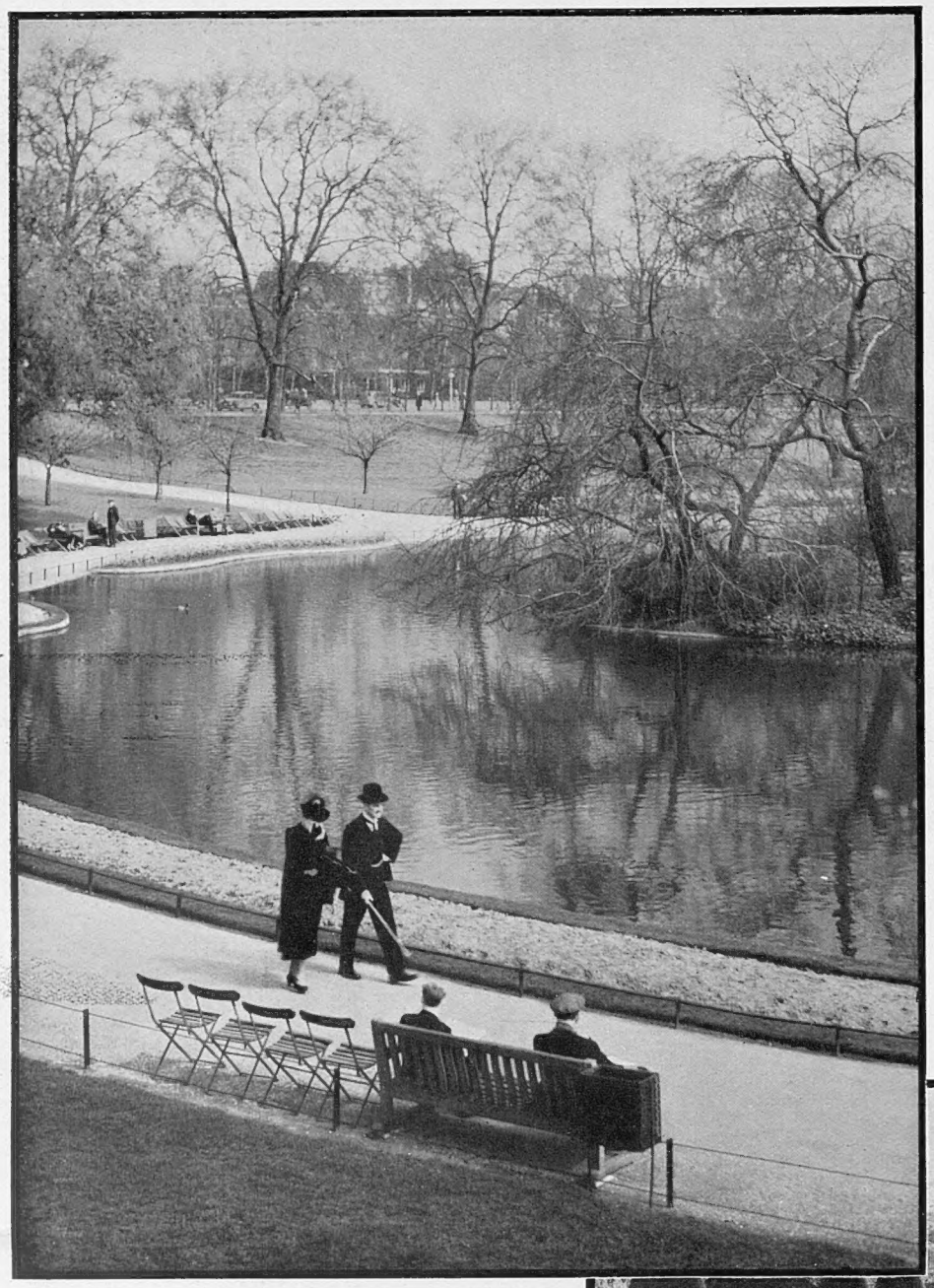


AMID THE PEACE HE LOVES: Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied as usual by his wife, taking his morning walk in St. James's Park. Crisis or no crisis, rain or fine, they almost invariably make the circuit of the lake

A LONDON NEW

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, April 19, 1939.

THE PRESIDENT'S QUESTION.

—President Roosevelt's simple question to Germany and Italy outshadows all other news this week. Its place in world history is assured. It brought a gleam of light in the dark tunnel; it was a straw for drowning men to clutch at. Was it false dawn, was it more than a straw? Experience and cold reasoning soon dimmed the first flush of hope that a simple formula had been found which would by a word and in a few days end the agony of humanity and solve the direst problem of Europe. Peace or war rests on the decision of two men (or one man). On their "Yes" or "No" the fate of our civilisation depends. No people in Europe can contemplate war without horror and hatred and terror. All peoples wish to live in security, with a sense of permanence, to buy and sell in the free markets of the world and to spend surplus moneys on the betterment of their social conditions. That is commonly accepted, and therefore the responsibility of the rulers of nations to-day is heavy, that of dictators inestimably so. If Hitler and Mussolini will declare that for a period of years they will not attack thirty-two named nations, thirty-two named nations will immediately promise not to attack Germany or Italy. These declarations have in fact been repeatedly made on both sides up to yesterday. If the promises are repeated categorically to the President, he will instantly initiate world conferences to deal with gradual disarmament, with removal of trade barriers and with the pooling of the surplus resources of the world. Conferences to adjust inter-state grievances can be opened simultaneously. One man's "Yes"—and the whole of our world is transformed. One man's "Yes"—and instantly the responsibility of the "have" nations to respond to a general redistribution of the natural resources of the world on a more equitable basis bulks large again. Raw materials, Jibuti, the Suez Canal—all these questions could be adjusted in favour of the dictator states, for world opinion would be compelling toward concessions. Is Hitler a big enough man to say that word without qualification? Can Mussolini rise to that height to say the word without concurrent reference to his Mediterranean claims? Can Hitler say a plain "Yes" without referring to "encirclement," to Bolshevism, to his lack of faith in the word of the democracies? They are not big enough men to say a plain "Yes," and the simplicity of the question posed stands for its success on a plain "Yes." One word added, one condition attached, and all falls to the ground. Mr. Roosevelt is a master of mass psychology. His question is a masterly dilemma for the dictators. If a plain "Yes" to the agonised prayer of all humanity (above all, Germans and Italians) is not forthcoming, then the world knows once and for all on whom rests the blood guilt for the catastrophe which may swiftly follow. For our salvation does indeed rest on a single, simple word which a truly great man *could* say with honour, dignity and the gratitude of the world. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini are great enough to see and snatch this unique opportunity to enshrine their names and save the great nations they have done so much to rebuild from the ruins of the last world lunacy. They will rant of Bolshevik encirclement. They are likely first to demand to be given what they have not yet taken. If they fail to snatch this noble chance of salvation and personal greatness in the eyes of posterity, then the world sees them clearly for all time for what they are.

PITY THE POOR. . . .—

To humiliation we are grown tolerably accustomed: we have so long taken our medicine punctually while Gayda administers, by courtesy of the B.B.C., our daily kick in the pants and the other gamins sling their mud at poor old John Bull. The approach to appeasement in the Christian spirit implies humiliation, first and last and all the time, if only one side obeys the rules. When one recalls that twenty years ago the German High Command were on their knees for an armistice to save themselves from total rout, when one remembers what any soldier of any nation thought of Italian military prowess twenty years ago—the opinion grows that to-day we have reached the nadir of national humiliation this side of defeat by armed force. (Not that I have changed my view as to the comparative value of one French or British soldier or sailor and one Italian.) If there were mistakes—and no doubt there have been twenty major mistakes—since 1919, world and national opinion at the time those mistakes were made probably made them inevitable. There is no living individual with the right to cry "Folly and Blindness." Who knows what is the right thing to do to-day? Who can cry "I told you so" of yesterday's errors? Certainly Mr. Chamberlain's critics are very careful not to commit themselves beyond the vaguest generalities. For the Premier my heart bled when that message came to him, as he was looking over his salmon-fly book, telling him of the rape of Albania. Back he came through the night to face the music. Once more in the House he upheld his policy and counselled patience. Another dignified protest—this time to Italy. Another warning that we take a serious view. Another effort to shuffle the trump cards in a weak hand to see what tricks may be won. What a hand it looked! Impossible for some time to come even to arrange in suits.

A ROVING COMMISSION.

—Where do we stand? Britain and France are pledged to fight on the side of Poland, of Rumania, of Greece, if any one of these countries decides to fight for its own freedom. But that does not mean that the other two guaranteed countries will raise a finger to help the third and the guarantors. France and Britain have simply a roving commission to throw their countries into war to defend one first threatened point and it is only when all three guaranteed countries are fighting for their individual freedom that five nations will be opposed to the Axis. Since the Axis powers work in perfect accord and in secret and in white-hot purpose, it is reasonable to suppose they will strike, if strike they do, one blow at a time. Thus it will be France and Britain and one smaller state against the Axis—a condition which America has done us the honour to regard as a foregone conclusion against the democracies. Russia? What folly to suppose that Russia's hesitation to join France and Britain is due to any failure of effort by the governments of France or Britain. The stark fact is that every other nation thinks still first of itself; says first "What do I gain by signing a blank cheque?" There can only be one tolerable or effective peace-front: a bloc of nations pledged to throw into the field at one time and at the first aggressive move following the signature of the agreement every available man they possess. Any bloc conditioned by reservations or bribed by promises of material

"THE CHERRY WHITENS IN THE APRIL AIR, YOUNG SPRING HATH SPILT ITS MAGIC O'ER THE WEALD": A spring landscape at Newington, near Sittingbourne, Kent, where the fruit blossom is now at its loveliest

LETTER

benefits to come carries with it the doom of future trouble. There can be no effective bloc, therefore, until all the nations outside the Axis see in the Axis policy the doom of our common civilisation and are prepared to sacrifice all and risk all to oppose it.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.— Even we in Britain are not yet prepared to do that. Still, in the very article of war, the party spectre of conscription terrifies a government that never in our history had to face less constructive opposition. The selfless crusade against aggression is still unsounded. And still the forces of peace and war are opposed in the ring with pathetically unequal weapons. The Axis is a trained prize-fighter who carries his moves and leads in his head. His eyes do not reveal the secret of his next blow. Opposed to him is the old-fashioned amateur with a ring of advisers who cry their advice to him from the ring seats. That seems to me a fair simile of the struggle to preserve peace in Europe to-day. The disturber is silent except for insults, the preserver still observes the ancient rules of the amateur ring, the handshakes, the courteous warnings—still one side (because democracy requires it) puts all its cards on the table, the other (because successful buccaneering demands it) holds its cards under the table in one hand and a pistol in the other—yet apparently there is no other way. Still it is dignified protests, patience and published warnings. Still Mr. Chamberlain believes something may come of it, that war may be averted, that his policy has been right. And even Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden and such Labour leaders as can rise above the party game of darts are in general agreement. We slog on in the grand old gentlemanly way, taking the mud-slinging and the insults on both Christian cheeks and hoping that God or the Axis will be melted by our patient dignity. Who are we, who know so much less than the statesmen, to dissent? We can only bear in patience the anxious waiting and all the humiliation. Yes, God knows, I pitied the Premier. But I doubt not I wasted my pity. Men who rise to be Prime Ministers and Chancellors are not physically as other men. They have reserves of strength and methods of shutting-off anxiety unknown to ordinary folk. Mr. Chamberlain was smiling among the flowers at Kew when I pictured him on the rack of thought. He had the comfort of his Cabinet, nay, there was a move I had forgot—to summon Parliament and discuss the situation from every party angle; to let the aggressor know exactly the weakness of our hand, to do all possible to magnify the very trifling dissensions in our Parliament. Even Parliament, even a committee, assuredly a Cabinet, is an umbrella. Beneath it one escapes some of the hailstones which are directed at a lonely, bare head.

MR. CHURCHILL FLIES AGAIN: Alighting from his plane on arrival last Sunday at Kenley, Surrey, where, in his capacity as honorary air commodore, he inspected No. 615 Squadron Auxiliary Air Force. Mr. Churchill has always been vitally interested in flying, and it may be remembered how in 1914 certain M.P.s asked Mr. Asquith to persuade his "flying cabinet minister" not to take such risks. Mr. Churchill went on flying, however, and in 1919 he was actually involved in a crash

TIME-HONOURED BRITISH THREAT.—I had a signal piece of luck during the crisis. I was in a remote fastness, whither penetrated little news, and I fell back on old *Punches*. I came across one or two of my own early flights in literature which kindly Owen Seaman had accepted, sent to him from the seat of war, and, like another writer, I marvelled at the genius I then displayed. And then, turning back the leaves still farther, I came on a famous old drawing, with the above title. It represented a British paterfamilias and his brood leaving a French hotel. Patron and madame, waiter, boots and chambermaid, were all at the door, laughing in their sleeves and bowing low. He held in his hand the bill and he was shaking his fist at the robbers and from his mouth came the words: "*Tray biang, tray biang, je paye cette fois, mais j'écris aux* 'Times.'" And in the disillusionment of that moment, before I knew what shots Mr. Chamberlain had in his locker and while still I was pitying him and poor old England, I thought that that John Bull with his time-honoured threat of writing to *The Times* about it was very much the John Bull of 1939.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.— Room XXI at the N.P.G. repays a visit. It is comforting to observe how our Illustrated History of England grows in importance and completeness by bequests and wise donations and occasionally by purchase. You do not go to the N.P.G. for art's sake so much as for history's. It is Clio's shrine rather than that of her anonymous sister, patroness of pictorial art. But when the trustees or the N.A.C.F. risk a purchase with our money, they don't neglect merit in art, though history is their first loyalty. Their most important purchase of late is a portrait of Robert Adam, the Scots architect, by an unknown of the Zoffany school. It is a fine portrait with a great air of truth about it, and it is believed to be the only authentic portrait of the creator of the late Adelphi. Edinburgh must be jealous of it. I was interested to see among the gifts the whole range of "Cabinet" portraits (that Cabinet in which Mr. W. H. Smith served as First Lord in the '70's). He commissioned many and collected others and they hung impressively in his dining room at 3 Grosvenor Place. Of varying degrees of merit, they have now been given to the N.P.G. by Lord Hambleden, his grandson. They are much better in a public gallery than in a private house. The best of them are by Cope and Tadema. There is an interesting head of Francis Thompson by Neville Lytton, but that is at present only on loan. The N.P.G. might do a little more to search out among the private collections pictures of historic interest rather than of monetary (i.e. artistic) value, and then try by tactful suggestion to remind owners of the effective possibilities of a codicil.

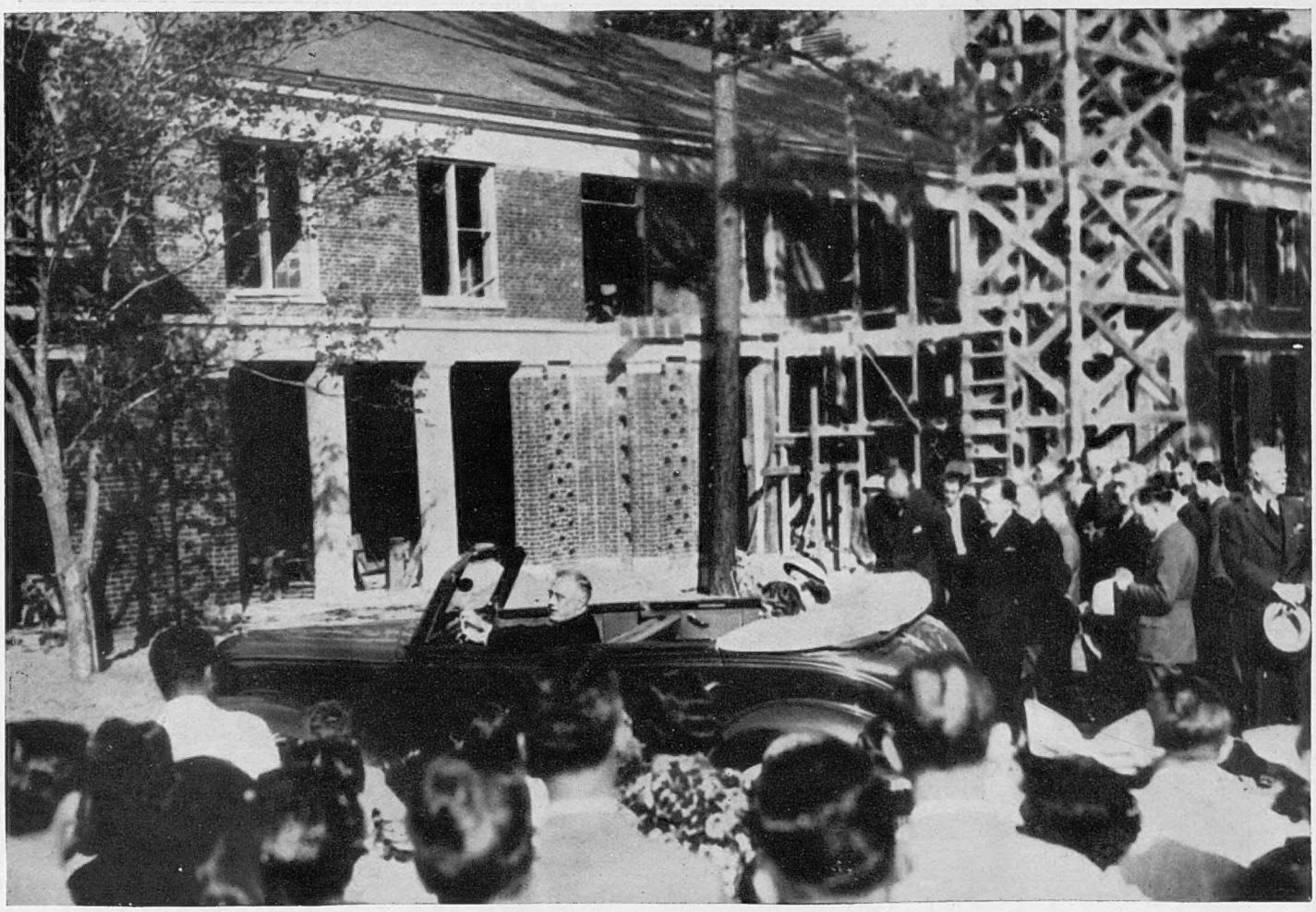
RECRUITING FOR A.T.S.: Uniformed members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service advising City workers at the information bureau set up outside the Mansion House. The flow of recruits has been most satisfactory

"MEIN LEBEN."—Hitler's new book should be a best-seller, if there are "best-sellers" when it is published. The propagandists say that he has spent so much of the profits of *Mein Kampf* on building his impregnable bomb-proof retreat (to which he proposes to retire if he decide to launch Armageddon) that he finds it necessary to recruit his private fortune. *Mein Kampf* is a long book and only a part of it was written during the author's eighteen months in the Landsberg prison. Impossible to say if he foresees as long an imprisonment in his bomb-proof prison. But the news-mongers (who are possibly propagandists) clearly suggest that, whatever and whoever survive the Armageddon which awaits the word of that one man, Hitler's life shall not be lost to the world. What a subject for a Poe or a Blake, that of daily life in the Führer's funk-hole during his Armageddon—a madman busily engaged in justifying himself and his actions before a tribunal of the corpses he had murdered.

ONE GOOD THING.— If war come, if the burning minute break, as any time it may, there is one great asset which will be ours and was not ours in 1914. There will be no interval for adjustment of the national mind to new conditions. We have had for six months a foot in two worlds, the dream-world of the old conception of the permanence of civilisation and the stark world of Armageddon. We have already begun to adjust our ideas of the values of things. We shall not even for a month delude ourselves with the idea that "business will be as usual"; we shall know that, whatever come, the old world we have known, its standards and its values, will be done with. We have a wiser idea of what is worth living and dying for. Living and dying are likely henceforth to be simpler than they were.

THE OLD STAGER

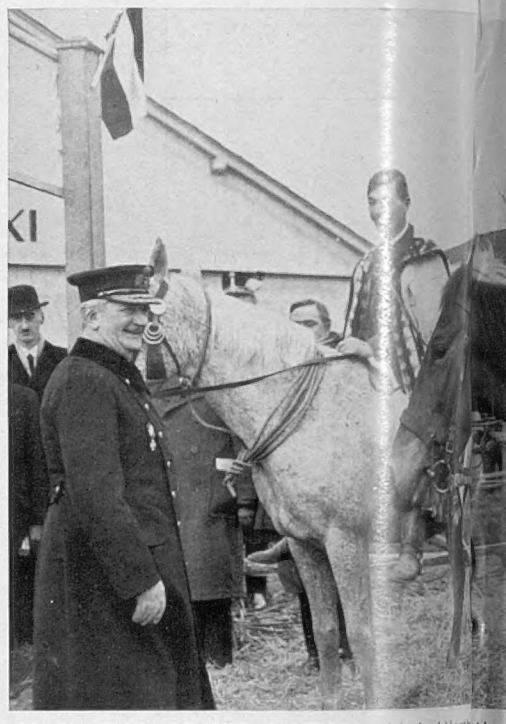
FOREIG



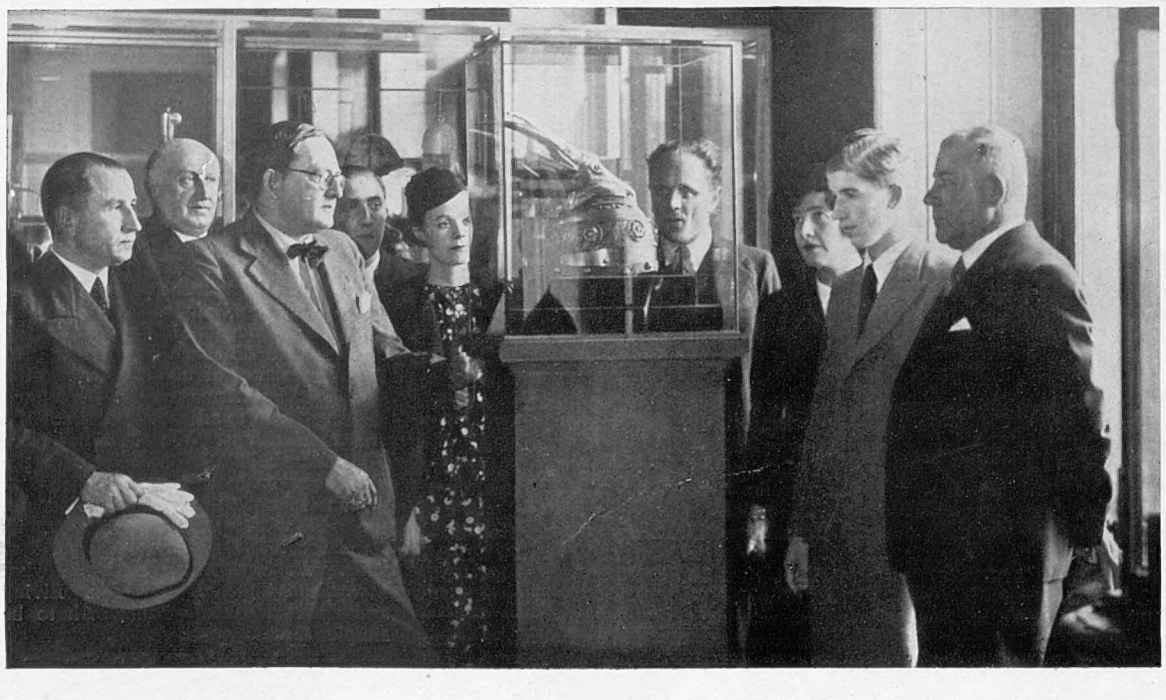
MR. ROOSEVELT AT WARM SPRINGS: The President seated at the wheel of his car during the ceremony at which he dedicated a series of new buildings at this Georgia resort for sufferers from infantile paralysis. It was after this visit—one of several made annually—that Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington and made his now historic declaration, calling upon the dictators to co-operate in a world-wide peace pact to last at least ten years

POLAND MANS HER FRO inspection during th the country's preser messages from Warsa

ANOTHER THRONE FOR THE HOUSE OF SAVOY: Count Ciano (2nd from left), the Foreign Minister, and Signor Starace (2nd from right), secretary of the Fascist Party, seen in Rome with members of the delegation which came to offer the crown of Albania to King Victor Emmanuel. The offer was accepted, but in actuality Albania has no crown. The nearest approach to it is the helmet of Scanderbeg (*below*), Albania's national hero, in the Hofburg, Vienna



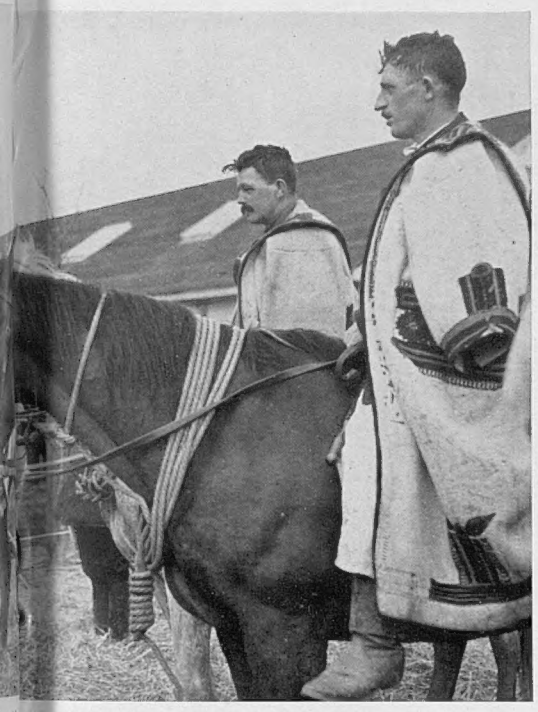
COWPUNCHERS OF MIDDLE EUROPE: Admiral Horth the Pushta during a visit to Budapest Agricultur For the most part they ride bareback, revealing At the moment Hungary would appear to



A NOVELTY FOR SUNDAY LISTENERS: Blowing into micro pets from Tutankhamen's tomb during last Sunde broa is of silver and the other of copper and e poss clarity, a knife-like incisiveness, and the power make 1939 loudspeakers the battle music of the Pha

N NEWS THAT HELD THE HEADLINES: A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad

TIERS: Polish tanks drawn up for past week, a picture that evidences state of preparedness. Recent have all indicated the patriotic temper of the people; there has been no excitement, but a calm determination to defend the independence so hardly regained twenty years ago. "Nobody wants war," the Warsaw correspondent of *The Times* stated on April 16, "but the country's mind is made up. It has no doubts. If necessary it will fight." Poland is actually the fifth military power in the world, the standing army exceeding 300,000 men and the trained reserves totalling over 2,000,000 men. In time of war Poland could easily mobilise an army 4,000,000 strong



the Hungarian Regent, talking with roughriders from Show where these cowboys proved a big attraction. quite extraordinary understanding of their mounts. entering upon a rather more settled political period

FAITH LIVES AGAIN IN MADRID: A crucifix being borne through the streets during a religious celebration

microphone a blast on one of the two trum- broadcast from Cairo Museum. One trumpet possesses the same qualities—a pure, brilliant make your back hairs tingle. To hear from ohs was certainly something of a novelty

IRAQ'S BABY KING: Three-year-old Feisal II who was proclaimed immediately following the tragic death of his father, King Ghazi, in a car smash in Baghdad. He will be four on May 2

GORING AND BALBO MEET IN NORTH AFRICA: Germany's Air Force Chief (with baton) and the Italian Governor of Libya pictured together on the waterfront at Tripoli as the former arrived on what was termed a holiday visit. Later, the Field-Marshal went to Rome, where he was met by Mussolini and a series of celebrations were arranged in his honour. He was received in audience by King Victor Emmanuel

OUR ARMY GROWS FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

THE CITY'S PART IN DEFENCE: A glimpse of the great throng outside the Mansion House after the Lord Mayor of London had opened a Territorial Army Information Bureau with a view to encouraging recruiting among city workers. During the past week there has been a big advance in the number of units brought up to war establishment, and on the whole recruiting progress has been satisfactory. *On left* — Citizens watching a demonstration of the Bren gun

Above—MEN OF THE ROYAL ULSTERS, wearing the new headgear, embarking for the Isle of Wight after they had arrived at Southampton. For some time past they have been seeing service in Palestine

Recruiting at the Mansion House—The King and Queen at Aldershot

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE BATTLE PRACTICE: Their Majesties watching a gun being loaded and fired during their visit to Aldershot last week when a series of demonstrations were staged for their benefit. Above the gun is green netting, attached to which are pieces of green and brown material harmonising with the surroundings and, indeed, making most effective camouflage. Their Majesties also saw an exhibition of anti-tank rifle-shooting and battle-shooting practice

On right—GORSE MAKES GOOD CAMOUFLAGE and these men of the Royal Artillery have the special canvas coverings which make it possible for them to wear it on their helmets

SHE RUNS THE "WRENS": Mrs. Laughton Mathews, Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service, seen at the Admiralty with her assistant, Miss Goodenough, niece of Admiral Sir William Goodenough

A BIG RECRUITING DRIVE FOR 100,000 NURSES for the Civil Nursing Reserve is now in full swing and thousands of posters such as this have made their appearance. In the event of war these reservists would care for children and look after air raid casualties

"WE DO WANT THE BRITISH MARKET AND WE DO APPRECIATE STERLING," said Dr. H. Ramsay (above) when he arrived in London as head of the delegation of Finnish business men who are here to discuss trade relations between Britain and Finland

A PRETTY LONDON WEDDING: Valerie Hobson, British film player, and Mr. Anthony Havelock Allan leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their marriage. The couple met a year ago when making a picture

MAINLY PERSONAL

CHINA FIGHTS BACK

Japan Becoming Hard Pressed on the Southern Battle Fronts

HONG KONG

IN spite of Japan's summary annexation of the Spratley Islands, thus adding to the "encirclement" of Hong Kong; and of the Governor of the colony finding it necessary at last to declare a State of Emergency in order that he can, in a crisis, intern aliens without trial; and of the hurried dispatch of the American Fleet to the Pacific, the general impression prevailing is far from one of alarm. Indeed, the current feeling is one of optimism and belief that the present big Chinese drive is the beginning of a new era which may have far-reaching effects.

The Spratley Islands, which have just been quietly placed by Japan under the jurisdiction of the Governor-General of Formosa (while European nations have had their hands full elsewhere), are a group of small reefs in the South China Sea, off the coast of Indo-China. They originally belonged to Great Britain; in 1917 they were "developed" by the Japanese, and in 1933 were claimed by the French on the ground of occupation. From then until this year Notes have been passing between these two nations regarding the possession of these hitherto unimportant islands, which have now sprung into the limelight by reason of their proximity to French Indo-China, Borneo and Singapore.

They are, in fact, within 700 miles (less than four hours) of the new British naval base, and within one and a half hours' flight of Indo-China and British North Borneo.

Their practical value to Japan is limited while they remain unfortified, and at the moment the opinion is that Japan cannot afford the necessary personnel for this purpose.

Having already sent 1,000,000 men to China since the war began, Japan is now up against a big Chinese drive in which approximately 3,000,000 men (possibly men *and* women. A recent hospital casualty was found to be a woman, Miss Tang Kweilin from Hunan, who has been a machine gunner attached to the 52nd Division for the duration of the war) are said to be engaged. About 1,000,000 of these may consist of guerrilla forces, but these are efficiently organised and directed by the "Guerrilla Section" of the National Military Council. Their especial function is "to frustrate Japanese attempts to set up puppet regimes, cut off their food supplies, and generally to create such disturbances as to make it practically impossible for the Japanese to exploit China's underground wealth, agricultural works, or communication lines."

All are said to be well supplied with ammunition, and it is obvious that for months past China has been amassing supplies and munitions through Burma. Even goods such as aircraft parts, machine guns, and steam-rollers for road construction are being directly transferred from ships to motor lorries. Russia, too, has been and still is sending considerable supplies.

With true Oriental patience and endurance the Chinese have held on for the past two years, and it is to be hoped that the time is past when their infantrymen have only one rifle between two and take it in turns to carry it. At any rate, for the last few weeks the Chinese armies have been steadily advancing in the south until they now hold most of the province of Kwangtung.

At the moment of writing Canton is almost encircled by the Chinese forces, and it seems probable that this ancient city, home of Chiang Kai-shek's New Life Movement, may soon be once more in the hands of its own people.

This New Life Movement, which is so closely woven into the fabric of modern China, continues its enlightened way in other directions than war activities. Just recently it sponsored the first Chinese baby contest as one of the features of a two weeks' publicity campaign to impress upon the people the necessity for cleaner and more sanitary living, and received a great response.

An edict has gone forth saying that "There shall be no shark's fin for any feast from now on." This ban will mean real self-denial on the part of thousands of Chinese for whom the shark's fin is a favourite and almost traditional food. Before the war there was a large annual import, from Japan, so that the ban on the commodity is partly to boycott an important Japanese export as well as for the sake of economy in a time of national emergency.

The general impression is that the Chinese are uniting more strongly than ever before and that the Generalissimo will be able to go on fighting indefinitely, provided of course that developments abroad do not interfere.

Jean Gordon

AN ARMY IN RETREAT: Albanian peasant soldiers nearing Scutari after being routed by the Italians during hill fighting

THE fact that Signor Mussolini struck against Albania on a Good Friday naturally upset devout Roman Catholics, but world opinion was even more upset by the plight of Queen Geraldine who, scarcely two days after the birth of her baby, was forced to fly across the border into Greece. That she survived the journey and the subsequent fever was almost in the nature of a miracle.

It has been a strange year for this now exiled Queen—smacking almost of Ruritanian fiction—and she is never likely to forget that first sight-seeing visit to Tirana, how the King set eyes on her by chance, how he proposed at a palace ball with the words, "Countess, would you like to stay in Albania?", and, on receiving an affirmative, thereafter refused to allow his bride-to-be to leave the country, even to buy the trousseau.

SACKED: In this bedroom at the Royal Palace, Tirana, was born to Queen Geraldine a son and heir. Forty-eight hours later the palace had been reduced to ruins and the queen was flying across the frontier into Greece. The Italians now claim that they had no part at all in the sacking of the palace

Within five weeks of Countess Geraldine's arrival the engagement was officially announced, and it was obvious from the outset that it gave no pleasure to the paramount power—Italy—whose minister made it clear that it had been hoped the King would marry someone of higher rank.

King Zog has a will of his own, however, and so he married his beautiful Countess amid scenes of splendour such as Albania had never before known.

There was no doubt that the marriage appealed to the Albanian people, and there was further proof of this in the way they mobbed the palace on the day the child was born.

WITH ITALIAN FLAGS FLYING: A main street in King Zog's capital city, Tirana, on the day after the Italian occupation

IN ALBANIA NOW

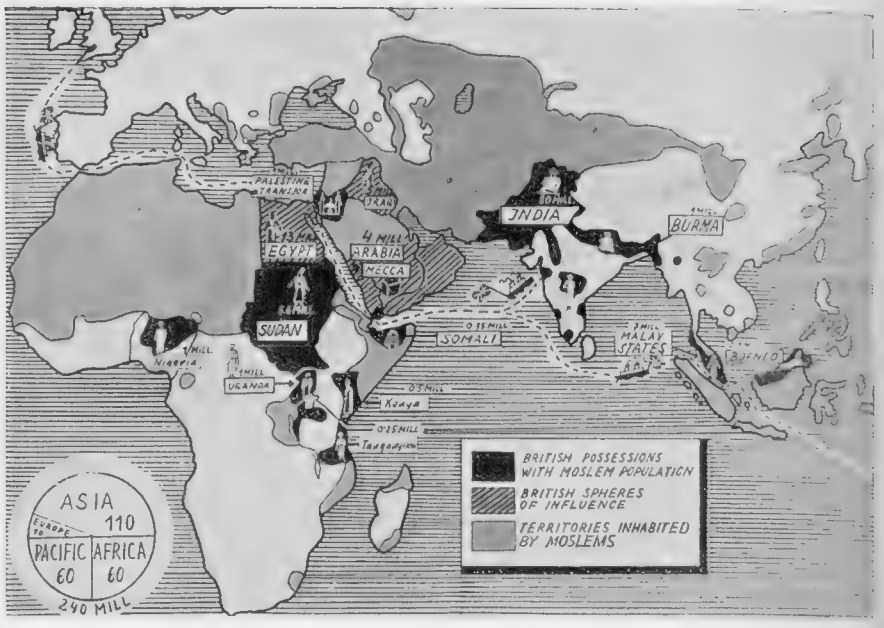
Before and After the Albanian Blow Fell

THE CITY THAT ZOG MADE: This new impression of Tirana was taken just before Italy's invasion, and in large measure it sums up the immense strides Albania had made under her progressive king. We see fine Government buildings, a handsomely laid out square, and in the foreground units of the mechanised army which, like many of the institutions of the country, was being developed with Italian aid. This little-known, half-eastern Balkan land had begun to take its place in the life of the western world—then came the Good Friday bombshell, just two days after the birth of an heir to the throne

DEFEATED ALBANIANS REACH SCUTARI on the Yugoslavian border after being driven through the mountains by the Italians. The men, it will be seen, were wearing equipment of Italian pattern. This was because the Albanian forces were almost entirely modelled on those of their Fascist neighbour

b

MUSLIMS IN THE BALKANS: A sketch map indicating the areas (shaded) in which they are found in the greatest numbers. Albania, Greece, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania all have large Muslim populations



THE MUSLIM WORLD: A sketch map showing the distribution of members of the faith throughout the eastern world. Muslim opinion has been incensed by Italy's seizure of largely Muslim Albania, and ever since the invasion this attitude has been strongly reflected in the world's press. The Muslims of Libya have become particularly restive

ISLAM IN EUROPE

THE Moors brought Islam to the Spanish peninsula, and their influence is still to be seen in the architecture, especially that of Andalusia. When the Moors retired to Africa their religion followed them, and little remains of Islam on the northern side of Gibraltar. It was otherwise in eastern Europe. The conquering swarms of Turks who swept over the Balkans from the fourteenth century onwards remained for over 400 years and in those centuries not only stamped their culture on the lands but proselytised so thoroughly that the Muhammadan religion is still a feature over wide areas, and in some places predominates strongly.

On a narrow strip of the Adriatic coast, extending north-east into the wild mountains and south to the Greek frontier, all that is left of the land which has been home to their race for many centuries, the Albanians, one of the strictest of the Muslim peoples of Europe, have been striving to build up a modern civilisation out of the ruins of the long Turkish domination.

The centre of development was Tirana, the capital, but a few years back little more than a village of distinct Turkish character, with low-roofed bazaars and cobbled alleys crowded with craftsmen and peasants coming in with their donkeys laden with fruit and dairy produce. To-day, there are splendid modern edifices with motor traffic and, just outside, villa suburbs. Yet right in the centre the most obvious building is the mosque with its tall minaret, and though the people on the pavements are often as smartly dressed as the fashionable citizens of Rome or Paris, veiled women are seen and strict Muslims shy at the visitor's camera. Few other places in Albania reveal the same progress as Tirana, except Korcha (Koritza) in the east. There is a reason for this. Many men of Koritza have migrated to America and returned eventually, bringing western ideas and habits; while an earthquake gave the authorities the opportunity to indulge in modern re-planning.

Slowly the lowlands of Albania are changing; perhaps under Italian control the movement will be accelerated. But in the north the simple folk are little affected. They are poor and have simple needs, and live their lives according to the codes and creeds of past centuries. In the heart of the land is the typical town of Elbason where once the Roman town of Skampa stood. Above its low-tiled roofs, and the old Venetian bastions now in ruins, rise many minarets. Here is Islam. A few Muslim women of the upper classes have dropped the veil, but mostly the womenfolk cover their faces with the ferreje, moving about silently like black shadows. Those who know these people, however, know also that their home life is something that will be a loss to the world when progress moves their way.

The Turkish conquests after the battle of Mohacs in 1526 when Suleimann defeated the Magyars, and smashed them to pieces, spread over Budapest, and the waving horsetails were only arrested and thrown back at the gates of Vienna. Evidence of their occupation can still be seen as far west as Budapest where the ancient fortifications below the Palace, now enclosing public gardens, were developed on older fortifications, at Pecs, the university town in the south-west, and at Eger where the minaret still towers over the town. Down the Danube traces of these Islamic conquerors are frequently seen, while after passing through the Kazan defile and just before the Iron Gates, the island of Ada Kaleh is the home of Turkish families, last remnants of the settlers left behind when the lands on either side of the Danube threw off the Turkish yoke.

The muezzin still calls believers to prayer from the minaret on Ada Kaleh; one of the main industries of the island is still the manufacture of rahat lakoum, the Turkish sweetmeat, and a number of families living there are refugees from Turkey proper who fled to this retreat when modernisation seemed to threaten their orthodoxy.

There is a minaret in Bucharest, and many of the picturesque flower and fruit sellers met with in the streets, as well as other inhabitants, are Muslims. The mosque at Constanza, the Rumanian port on the Black Sea, testifies to the important Muhammadan faction and, indeed, all the way in this direction the Muslim character is clearly visible. But across the Dobrudja and into Bulgaria the influence of Islam becomes more and more pronounced until, proceeding southward into Macedonian territories, it appears everywhere and in everything—mode of life, architecture and culture.

At Bitolj (Monastir), which was an important Turkish garrison town and home of powerful begs and Turkish nobles, there are still over thirty mosques as against half a dozen Christian churches. Kemal Pasha served here as a soldier. Many strict Turkish families still live here, wearing turbans, and harbouring hatred for the "infidels" in modern Turkey.

It is the same story in Yugoslavia, particularly in the south. About thirty miles from Mostar, on the river Narenth, lies the dying town of Pecitelj, once the great capital of Hercegovina. The line of traffic long since turned aside from this interesting place and slowly it has declined until but few people live there. On all sides of the town are the ruins of once mighty fortified walls, and in the centre a large mosque with glittering minaret is a landmark for the countryside.

All is quiet, but coming to the upper town gate one finds a house with the sign "Kafana"—the door is open, and the sound of voices is heard within. Three men sit about drinking coffee; they look like figures from *A Thousand and One Nights*. On entering one is greeted in the Muslim fashion with hand to forehead, and coffee is brought forward.

Staying the night in Pecitelj nowadays is an experience. With the darkness comes the concert of the millions of mosquitoes, and in the rooms lizards rustle and climb up the walls. However, the presence of the gecko is an advantage for he makes war on the other less pleasant small inhabitants like bugs, fleas, flies, and such. One is glad when the light again pours into the room, and the cry of the muezzin is heard.

In South Serbia is Lake Ochrida, at the foot of the Black Mountains, whose role is international since it serves to divide many different peoples: Albanians, Serbians, Macedonians, and Montenegrins. At the southern end of Lake Ochrida

(*Continued on page* 164)

THE MAN WHO MADE THE ALBANIAN POLICE: Major-General Sir Jocelyn Percy in the uniform of an Albanian gendarmerie officer. British officers first went to train the Albanian gendarmerie in 1925, at the suggestion of Colonel W. F. Stirling, who had distinguished himself with Lawrence in Arabia and became Adviser to the Albanian Ministry of Interior in 1923. In 1926 Sir Jocelyn Percy took command of the British mission—an entirely unofficial mission composed of ten ex-officers—and in 1927 he also took temporary command of all Albanian troops in northern Albania to reassure the Yugoslavs who feared an Italo-Albanian invasion. During his twelve years' service in Albania, Sir Jocelyn Percy trained the splendid men of the gendarmerie to a very high level. With the aid of this gendarmerie King Zog smoothed away inter-tribal rivalries

WOMEN OF THE MIRDITE TRIBE OF NORTHERN ALBANIA: This tribe, over 20,000 strong, inhabits a district adjoining Mati, King Zog's tribal district. The Mirditi are Catholics, whereas the King's tribe, which outnumbers them by two to one, are Muslims; but the chieftain of the Mirditi, Gjon Marka Gjoni, is paramount chieftain of all the Catholic tribes of northern Albania, so he is a power to be reckoned with. There have always been feuds and rivalry between the two tribes, and for years now Gjon Marka Gjoni has been bitterly jealous that Zog, a chieftain like himself, should have become king. The Italians have not failed to take advantage of that jealousy, sending presents to Gjon, entertaining him in Rome, and sending his sons to college. He has repaid the Italians now by turning against Zog and inviting the King of Italy to accept the Albanian crown

SPRINGTIME IN PRAGUE:

Baron Von Neurath Reaches the Old Bohemian Capital in Brilliant Sunshine

NATURE BEAMED: Baron von Neurath, ex-Foreign Minister and now German Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, exchanges greetings with General von Brauchitsch (right centre), Commander-in-Chief of the Army, on his arrival in Prague to take up his new duties. Standing between them is Dr. Hacha, who is now officially styled President of the Czech Protectorate. Although the sun turned out in strength to welcome Baron von Neurath, the public made only a moderate response to the mayor's appeal that they should give the Protector a taste of the city's traditional hospitality, and trains to the country were crowded

STRANGE TABLEMATES: Herr Henlein (left), Civil Commissioner for Bohemia and former Nazi leader in the Sudetenland, conversing with Dr. Mastny (centre) and General Sirovy—two members of the former independent Czechoslovak Government—at a reception at the Hradschin Castle in Prague

GROWING POWER OF UNCLE SAM

He Has the Essential Raw Materials in Abundance and Now He is Forging from them the Weapons of a Vast Defensive System

FROM the standpoint of natural resources, to say nothing of geographical isolation, the United States is more than three times better prepared to wage war than Germany, four times stronger than France, five times stronger than England and more than twelve times better prepared than Japan.

These comparisons refer to the twenty-four raw materials essential to war, and represent the following index rating :

United States	*22.35*
Germany	*6.20*
France	*5.37*
Russia	*4.95*
England	*4.50*
Italy	*1.92*
Japan	*1.77*

Whether these resources caused Lloyd's of London to revise the quoted odds downward from 100 to 1 against the United States waging war and 500 to 1 against invasion to reported odds of 50 to 1 and 300 to 1, one cannot be sure. Three years ago the former odds prevailed, and it is understood the White House was instrumental in stopping Lloyd's from publishing war insurance rates, which it was feared would have some effect upon public apathy in the United States towards an increased national defence programme.

The well-known but apparently little considered man-in-the-street certainly does not desire war. This is as true in America as in any Old World country. Yet Americans recognise that the gravity of world conditions may bring warfare to her doors. America's military and naval high commands recognise this possibility, and long ago laid plans to meet invasion from any quarter.

Wars, incipient and active, around the globe have continued unceasingly since 1918. No fewer than seventeen conflicts, no matter by what term they may be called, have been started during the past twenty years. These wars, and the threats which they portend, involving as they do nearly one-fourth of the world's population, have in large part caused all leading nations to re-arm, a toll in money which this year will total more than £2,800,000,000, an increase of £400,000,000 over 1937.

The United States has worked out a plan for "M Day," the designation given to the initiation of mobilisation, which can expand its land forces of 165,000—tenth among the professional armies of the world—and put into the field a force of 300,000 overnight, 500,000 within a month, 1,230,000 more in four months.

"In spite of a vast reserve of man power, almost unlimited natural resources and an impregnable geographical position," comments Andy Hamilton in the *Los Angeles Times*, "Uncle Sam is beginning to polish his brass buttons and clean his rusty rifle. The mad dogs of war are beginning to worry him."

If we look many years into the future perhaps the "unlimited natural resources" are a fundamental reason why America is adding to her armaments.

"President Roosevelt has called for an expenditure of more than £200,000,000 during 1938 to streamline our fighting forces on land and sea and air," Mr. Hamilton points out. "At this writing the largest peace time preparedness in history is before Congress.

"For the Navy, President Roosevelt is seeking : (1) a 20 per cent. increase in existing authorisation for naval replacements and increases; (2) authorisation and appropriation for the laying down of two additional battleships and two cruisers; (3) appropriation of £5,000,000 for building several experimental ships. For the Army : (1) authorisation of £1,776,000 for anti-aircraft materials ; (2) appropriation of £90,000 for improving the army reserve ; (3) the spending of £1,216,000 for improving army material ; (4) appropriation of £400,000 for army ammunition.

By ANDREW R. BOONE

"The huge Army and Navy budgets mark a drastic change in America's national defence policy—the most drastic in sixteen years, some say. Shrewd observers of the international scene, noting how the wind is blowing, see more than just routine demands for increased expenditures. In effect, the £200,000,000 budget is a challenging answer to the *Panay* bombing and Japan's growing aggression in the Far East. The armament programme really reverts to the policies of another Roosevelt (Theodore) —'to speak softly and carry a big stick . . .'

"Seven out of every ten voters in the United States see eye to eye with the President. This is indicated in a sample referendum taken recently by the American Institute of Public Opinion. Here is how the vote totted up : for a larger navy, 74 per cent. ; for a larger army, 69 per cent.; to increase America's air strength, 80 per cent."

As these lines are written, land and sea forces are being strengthened. The army is now constituted of approximately 165,000 officers and men. Whereas the United States Army ranked eighteenth among the nations of the world a few years ago, it now stands tenth, as earlier pointed out, being exceeded by Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Poland, Rumania and Spain.

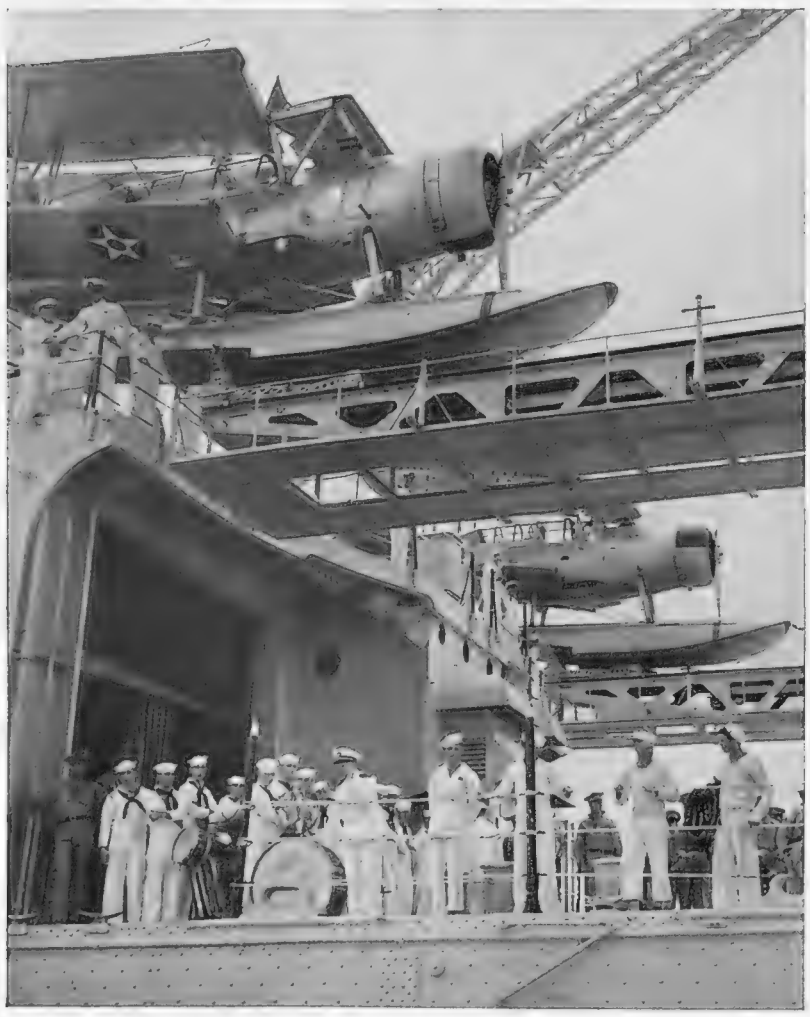
One must look beyond the bare figures to determine the true strength. Of America's total, some 50,000 are stationed in such outposts as Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines. Another 35,000 are engaged in recruiting, educational work and clerical enterprises.

These withdrawals leave a true skeleton army, yet after mobilisation orders were sounded an effective mechanised force could be thrown against the enemy immediately, and these would be supported within four months by 1,230,000 men. In this connection it is well to remember that 120 days after America entered the world war, only a half-million men were ready to fight.

America relies on reserves to do her fighting. When the world war started her National Guard totalled about 125,000. This force now boasts 200,000. Each guardsman is recruited and maintained by the state in which he lives, but is linked to the national government by an oath to defend his country.

Prior to the world war there were no reserve officers, whereas now there are more than 100,000. Through these men, nearly all of whom are college graduates and

(*Continued on page 166*)



A WARSHIP AND HER ALL-SEEING SATELLITES: Two of the seaplanes at rest aboard their parent ship, the U.S. heavy cruiser *Houston*. Two more machines are carried within the hangars beneath. America has seventeen heavy cruisers

WHERE HOLLAND STANDS:

By Joining an Anti-Aggression Pact She Would Gain no Added Security ; She Therefore Opposes all Commitments with the Other Democracies

THE frequent reference in British newspapers and political speeches to the necessity for bringing Holland, together with Belgium and Switzerland, into the so-called Anti-Aggression Pact, arouses remarkably little enthusiasm among the Dutch. The idea is repugnant both to the character of the Dutch and the traditions of their country ; and even in professed anti-German quarters is not taken seriously. The attitude is quite logical, of course. Holland's strategical position is such that any attempt by an aggressor to invade her territory would instantly and automatically be met by the opposing forces of one or more powers other than Holland.

A pact, therefore, would give no added security to Holland ; but would have for that country two serious disadvantages—first, as with the old League system of Collective Security, the obligation, in certain circumstances, to support other members of the pact ; and secondly, the worsening of her relations with the potential aggressor, who in this case happens to provide an essential market for Dutch exports. Those disadvantages weigh up too heavily against the luxury of what the Dutch are inclined to regard as an empty gesture on behalf of an ideal.

Ideals for the sake of ideals are not very popular in the country. If they pay, they are worth cultivating ; and only for as long, and as far, as they do pay. The ideal of independence is one for which the Dutch would fight tooth and nail ; but it must be for their own independence. Other people's independence is not, strictly speaking, their affair. The annexation of Czechoslovakia was taken very calmly by both the Dutch Government and the Dutch people. There was even a tendency to admire the bully and feel contemptuous of his victim's discomfiture. In short, there was a great deal of common sense, which, of course, is a gilt-edged virtue : there is safety in it.

By ROY ELSTON

There is, then, sufficient reason why the Dutch should not be expected to join anything in the nature of a military pact ; and those who suggest that the British Government should invite them to do so ignore the peculiar position of Holland vis-a-vis major European problems, and take little account of the Dutch character. Holland insists upon absolute neutrality, and no one can blame her.

The Anglo-French guarantee of Dutch territory (given without the Dutch Government having been consulted on the matter) leaves Holland cold. Herr Hitler offered a similar guarantee to Holland two years ago, and the Dutch reply was a courteous refusal of the offer. Guarantee enough was implied in their neutrality. Unlike the German, the Anglo-French guarantee has not been offered to the Dutch—it is simply a strategical arrangement between France and England ; but if it were, the Dutch reply would be the same as that given to the Germans.

The diplomatic correspondent of the Amsterdam *Telegraaf* sums up the Dutch point of view concerning the guarantee :

"Those who know our strict traditions of neutrality," he says, "will realise that the interest which London and Paris takes in the Netherlands just now is utterly one-sided. Whatever decisions England and France, or any other power, may take concerning the international position of Holland, and the defence of her territory, Holland can never be a contracting party to such decisions. When England and France guarantee the frontiers of Holland, that is not a treaty obligation of which Holland, in any circumstance, can demand the fulfilment, but is purely a strategical measure on the part of the guaranteeing powers.

"Holland's desire—made sufficiently clear on more than one occasion recently—is to maintain, in all circumstances, and in the fullest sense, her traditional policy of strict neutrality, by which we shall continue to develop friendly relations with every country without exception, so long as that neutrality, and the integrity of our national frontiers, are in fact respected."

No one in Holland will quarrel with that view, and no one outside of Holland should be at a loss to understand it. On the other hand, the Dutch are under no delusions concerning their vulnerability. Neutrality continues to be their policy, but they are perfectly well aware that circumstances may arise in which such a policy will cease to have any practical value. In the meantime, however, it gives her the chance to place her bets at the starting price. She is free in her choice right up to the "Off!"

WITH THE DUTCH ARMY: A Well-Equipped Force That Is Constantly on the Alert

A DUTCH CAVALRYMAN in active service kit and equipped with Mannlicher carbine and sword. Holland has altogether two regiments of cavalry in an army that now amounts to 60,000 men, the number having been raised a year or two ago

THE FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION: The cumbersome-looking wheel arrangement on this gun has a very special usefulness when crossing broken terrain, the two pneumatic tyres taking a great deal of the strain and thus protecting the delicate mechanism of the gun itself

CROSSING A DUTCH FERRY on an inflated rubber raft. Such rafts are strung together and pulled backwards and forwards by crews established on each bank. In this way quite a large force can be transported at adequate speed and without great expense across a canal intersected region

BRISTLING WITH ARMAMENT: The Dutch armoured car looks a thoroughly efficient engine of war

On left—ESSENCE OF CONCENTRATION: A machine-gunner at work. The gleam of the helmet is obscured by a cloth

HALT BY THE WAYSIDE: The men take it easy while their commander goes through his instructions. A picture taken on manœuvres. Holland's home forces consist of a permanent cadre of 1,430 officers and 6,477 other ranks. An annual conscript levy produces a further 60,000 men who serve for eleven months. The first line army on mobilisation would number 114,000, or, including reserves, 270,000 all ranks

THE POWER OF BRITAIN'S NEW MECHANISED A

Importance of the Mobile Howitzer

DIGGING-IN MADE EASY: This mechanical field spade is one of the many efficient implements devised for our mechanised army. With these, trench-making under fire begins to lose its horrors

MOBILITY THE KEYNOTE: This heavy howitzer is mounted on the largest type of pneumatic tyre that has ever been used in the British army and, as a result, it can be trailed along main roads or over rough terrain at high speeds without any likelihood of damage being done to the delicate mechanism

THE MOBILE 3-IN. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, although not so well known as the 3·7, is a very effective weapon against high-flying planes. Its ceiling is 23,000 ft. and a 16-lb. shell is used. *On left*—A head-on view of a modern howitzer

ONCE MORE INTO THE BREECH Loading a howitzer with one of its high-flying projectiles. The army takes a keen interest in this class of weapon, realising that during fighting over hilly terrain it can be a most potent influence, the shells rising clear over the hills and, with a reasonable degree of accuracy, finding their target on the other side

RMY

UNLIMBERING A HOWITZER: The crew preparing for action on reaching the appointed firing position

On right—**NEARLY THE HEIGHT OF A MAN:** A close-up of one of the giant pneumatic tyres that are being employed so extensively on our modern howitzers

SPEED IS THE ESSENCE OF SERVICE in the Royal Engineers and when it comes to bridge building and other constructional work a high-speed drilling machine of this type proves an invaluable asset to the men

WHERE BLENHEIMS ARE BORN: A general view at the air-frame factory at Speke, Liverpool, showing 300-m.p.h. Blenheim bombers being mass-produced. Starting from raw material at one end of this great factory, they emerge at the other end as complete bombers. Overhead cranes move the machines from department to department

HELPING PLANES ALOFT:

Refuelling Allows them to Take their True Pay-load

THERE is a feature about an aeroplane's performance that is little less than exasperating. It can fly with a greater load than it can take off the ground. In other words, an air liner that is limited to the carriage of twelve passengers on a given journey could, in fact, take sixteen were it not for the limitations imposed upon it during its actual take-off. This is not a watertight example, but it shows the problem involved; and the exasperating part of it from the operator's point of view is that this limitation of load is spanned by a time represented in seconds, whereas the aeroplane's flight is generally measured in terms of hours.

Little wonder, then, that all manner of devices have been and are being evolved to give some measure of extra power to tide over the few seconds of take-off so that the aircraft can exploit its latent efficiency in the air to the full. These devices vary from the variable-pitch airscrew and temporarily "boosted" engine to the more spectacular means of assisted take-off, such as catapults and the composite aircraft.

TWO VITAL AIR PROBLEMS

Refuelling is just on the point of reaching the position where experiment gives way to practice. The word refuelling is, in fact, a misnomer, because it implies that the aircraft first exhausts its petrol supply before additional fuel is taken on board. This is not the case. The aircraft takes off fully loaded except for its petrol. In its tanks is sufficient fuel for a flight of an hour or so only. For the take-off, therefore, its empty tanks make it comparatively lightly loaded and well within the capacity of its engine-power. As soon as its operating height has been reached it makes contact with another aeroplane which is called the "tanker," and which then transfers whatever amount of petrol is required to fill the tanks.

Great Britain is the only country which has developed this form of assisted take-off. One method has been invented by Squadron-Leader R. Atcherley, one of the most brilliant pilots in the Royal Air Force, and the other has been evolved by Sir Alan Cobham from experiments lasting over ten years. Latterly, Sir Alan has been backed by the Air Ministry and Imperial Airways and it is his method that will be put to the test when Imperial Airways launches its weekly mail service across the north Atlantic on June 1. For this service modified flying boats of the Short "Empire" class are to be used and their tankers will be Handley Page bombers.

The procedure is comparatively simple and perfectly safe. The flying boat takes off and starts on its journey. From an orifice in its tail it lets out a weighted line with which the tanker can make contact in a number of ways, none of them being manual. To this line is attached the nozzle of the fuel pipe, and this is hauled on board the receiving aeroplane (the flying boat) by means of a windlass while the tanker rises to a position above, behind and slightly to one side of the receiving machine.

To allow for flexibility the length of the hose let out is three times the vertical distance between the two machines and it trails behind in a flexible hairpin bend. This also has the advantage of applying only a horizontal pull on the receiving machine whose pilot is thus entirely unaffected by the contact. This operation takes not more than five minutes. As soon as it is completed the petrol cocks are opened and petrol flows from the tanker into the receiving tanks at a rate of 150 gallons a minute: 940 gallons are to be taken on board the Atlantic boats, so that the whole procedure should not take more than a quarter of an hour. As soon as the fuel is taken on board the nozzle is released and the tanker is free to haul back on board the fuel pipe.

The Americans are building very large flying boats for the Atlantic service that can cross the Atlantic with a pay-load without any means of assisted take-off. But the pay-load would be enormously increased if they modified them for refuelling. Refuelling, obviously, can always keep a step ahead of improvements in aerodynamic efficiency. For this reason all new Short flying boats are equipped with the installation necessary for refuelling in the air.

An interesting fact is that the maximum distance between any two centres of world importance is 3,700 miles, the majority being separated by only 2,000 to 3,000 miles. It seems likely, therefore, that the airways of the world will be divided up into hops embracing these distances and most certainly they will only be economically possible by employing some form of assisted take-off for the planes engaged. Refuelling in the air and the composite aircraft are the two forms which have so far met with success.

Nigel Tangye

IN A STEELY EMBRACE: A result of the terrific impact caused by the Imperial Airways machine *Falcon* losing a brake cable when about to take off from Croydon last week and crashing into a lorry

MAKING PLANES SAFE:

While Continuing the Search for Greater Speeds

LARGELY because of the spectacular publicity and boost put out by rival air lines, speed has become a counter in the competition of commercial aviation. A demand for speed has been created which has in the main been satisfied by the use of more and more power and all sorts of methods of reducing the air resistance of the machines themselves. The net result is that though modern transport machines are fast they are uneconomical propositions and not nearly as safe as they should be.

The time is long past when the race for speed should have been halted and more attention paid to the economics and safety of air transport. The modern air liner with its long take-off run, slow climb and high stalling speed leaves much to be desired. The ideal machine should climb steeply after a short run, should be able to fly slowly in case of need in thick weather, be able to descend steeply but slowly and yet in normal conditions have a high cruising speed.

Such an ideal has not yet proved to be attainable and a compromise has resulted in which conditions of safety have been subordinated to the demand for speed, and devices such as variable-pitch airscrews and flaps for quick take-off and flaps and slots for slower speed flying and landing, though they have greatly improved the characteristics and performance of the machines to which they have been fitted, have really begged the question.

That they have not provided a solution is shown by the fact that larger and larger aerodromes are still required. In the future more attention will have to be paid to quick take-off and rapid climb and also to ability to hang in the air at slow speeds when weather or other conditions make this desirable In fact, aeroplanes will have to be designed primarily with an eye to safety and to the aerodromes they will have to use in service. The aeroplanes will have to be built to fit the limitations of the aerodromes they will have to use instead of the aerodromes being made at vast cost to allow for the faults of the aeroplanes.

One solution of the problem of combining high cruising speed in the air with good take-off and slow-landing characteristics is being tried in the new four-engined air liners which are being built to the order of the Air Ministry. This is a device consisting of a retractable auxiliary wing which, when extended, increases the area of the main wing and reduces the wing-loading from about 32 lb. per sq. ft. to 25 lb. per sq. ft.

The auxiliary wing can be lowered by a system of links into two positions: either with its leading edge underneath the main plane, in which position it acts as an extra wing and virtually converts the machine into a biplane, or depressed to an angle of 30 deg. in relation to the main plane in which position it acts as a slotted flap. In the first position it gives improved take-off and climb, while in the second position, used for landing, the landing speed is reduced by 10 m.p.h.

Of course, in military aviation speed pure and simple is of the utmost importance. The present world's speed record was made five years ago by Italy and stands at a fraction over 440 m.p.h. As a record it is unlikely to stand much longer because certain special machines are being built to beat it by a substantial margin. One of these is for the famous American pilot, Colonel Roscoe Turner, and is expected to exceed 500 m.p.h.

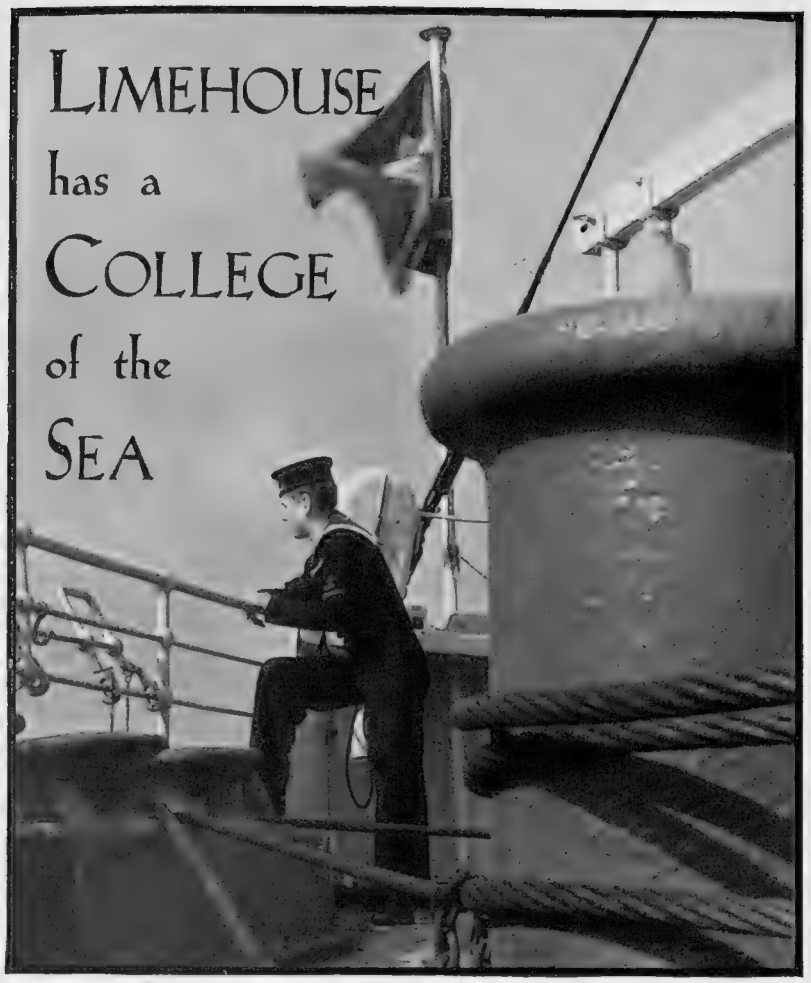
Mention of high-speed aircraft invites consideration of future trends in design. Mr. H. E. Wimperis, former president of the Royal Aeronautical Society, has explained the factors limiting speed. The natural limit to the speed with which the air is able to get out of the way of the advancing aeroplane is the all-important barrier to unlimited speed. "The speed at which the air can move when pushed (i.e. by the advancing aeroplane) is the same," says Mr. Wimperis, "as the velocity of sound . . . there is nothing we can do to increase the velocity of sound, which is 750 m.p.h.

"What precisely happens when the speed reaches this limit? When that happens the air cannot be 'warned' ahead of what is coming. This leads to as many shocks and collisions as if an unlighted motor car tried to get through a crowd of deaf people on a dark night. When an aeroplane moves as fast as, or faster than, the velocity of sound, collisions with air particles are inevitable and there will be an enormous loss of energy through conversion into heat in the resulting shock waves.

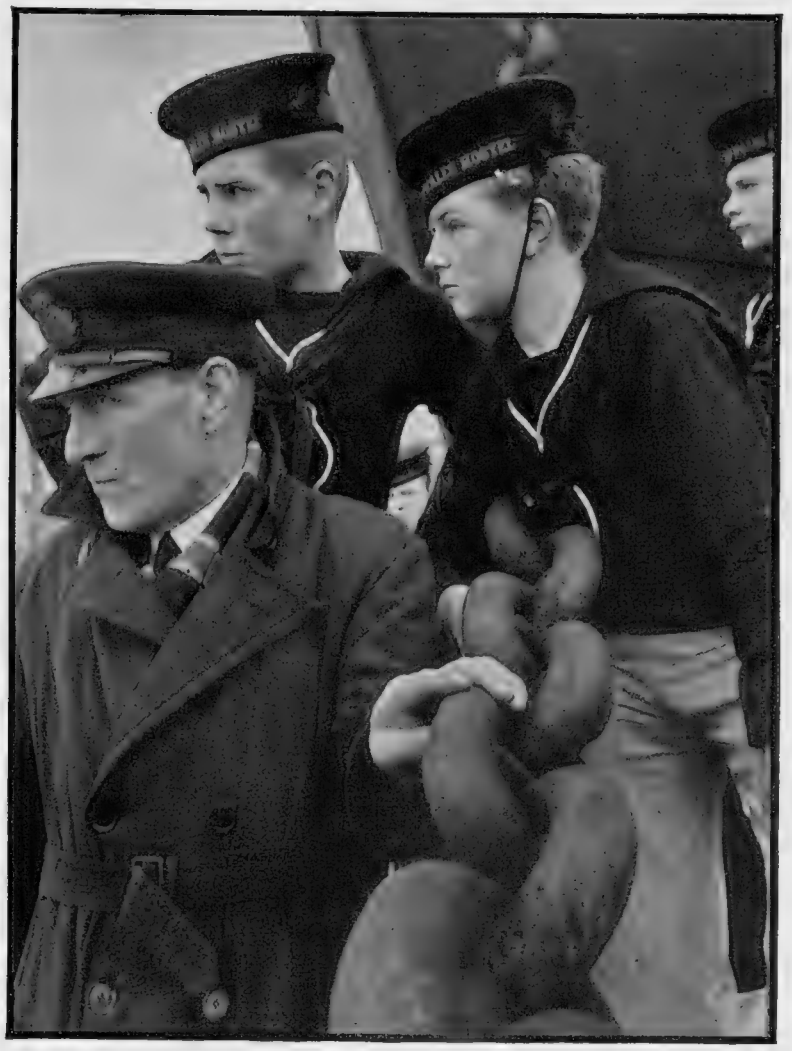
"In point of fact, the limit to speed is reached even more rapidly than first considerations indicate, since the speed just above the top of an aeroplane's wing is appreciably higher than the air speed of the machine itself. Hence, the critical boundary is reached while the speed of the machine is still substantially below the velocity of sound. . . . So 600 m.p.h. is likely to remain the limit to the speed of human flight."

C. D. Palmer

LIMEHOUSE has a COLLEGE of the SEA



PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: A young seaman takes a last look at London as he leaves on the first voyage of his life. It is a thrilling moment for him, but he is really no tyro for, like many others before him, he has learnt the ways of the sea at the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel for Boys, down in Limehouse



HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS: Mr. F. Painter, the officer instructor, with some of his pupils at the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel in Limehouse. Youths from all over Britain come to Limehouse to be trained, and since the hostel opened in 1920 no fewer than 1,500 have graduated successfully

HAPPY ANTICIPATION: The boys march through the streets of Limehouse to the West India Dock where they go for their training rows. *Below*—The boys wash their own clothes, and it is just as well they are of stout material

ON THE PLACID WATERS OF WEST INDIA DOCK, with no tides to hamper them, the hostel boys are taught the first elements of seamanship and learn to handle oars in correct fashion

WITH THE WORLD BEFORE HIM and his belongings in a kit-bag, a graduate of the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel walks briskly through dockland on the way to join his first ship. He has had six months of first-rate training, so things will be far from unfamiliar when he gets aboard and, what is more, he has learnt that first essential of life at sea—the vital importance of unquestioning discipline. So high is the standing of the hostel to-day that shipping companies regularly apply for boys

FILM-MAKING IN MODERN EGYPT

BEGINNINGS OF A NEAR EASTERN HOLLYWOOD: *Above*—The Egyptian film actress Nadia Nagy being made up at the Misr film studios, centre of Egypt's fast-growing motion picture industry, and *(right)* a Nile boat being cleaned for use in a new picture. In the last two years about twelve talkies have been produced with Arabic dialogue. The studios, which are situated in the vicinity of the Pyramids, are sometimes rented out to foreign production units for films of Egyptian life.

A POTENTIAL CULTURAL FORCE: An exterior view of the modern Misr film studios, which have already produced a number of high quality pictures that have proved popular among Arab audiences. The historical note is very often a feature of these productions. *On right*—The Egyptian star, Nadia Nagy

WORKING OUT A DRAMATIC SEQUENCE: Fritz Krimp, the German director, seen on the set at the Misr studios as he gives instructions to Nadia Nagy and her co-star, Hassan Ezat, during the making of the historical film, *Lachin*. Herr Krimp is one of a number of foreigners who are now helping the Egyptian film industry

BUILDING A SET: Carpenters at work at the Misr studios where quite elaborate scenery is built by an expert Egyptian staff. Considering the small sums available for spending on production, it is remarkable what results are being achieved. The Government is greatly interested in all that is being done

Islam in Europe: A Faith that Still Largely Survives Between the Adriatic and the Black Sea

A STRONGHOLD OF ISLAM: In these fastnesses on the borderland between southern Bulgaria and the Macedonian region of Greece live the Pomaks, a tribe of Bulgarian Muslims. Throughout Balkan Europe there are still very large Muslim communities

ITALY'S invasion of predominantly Muslim Albania draws attention to the situation of the whole Muslim community in eastern Europe.

Islam is still widely represented in Rumania, where there are 260,000 members of the faith; in Greece, where there are 126,000; in Bulgaria, where there are 800,000; and in Yugoslavia where there are 1,561,166. The figures for Yugoslavia constitute actually 11 per cent. of the kingdom's population. The Yugoslavian Muslims are no disorderly minority, however, and in many ways provide an example in peaceful living to their Orthodox and Catholic neighbours who, it may be remembered, were only a short while ago at loggerheads.

It is sixty years since the Turkish yoke was lifted from Bulgaria's shoulders but many Turks still live there, and, incidentally, follow the faith far more devoutly than does the citizen of modern Turkey.

A particularly interesting Muslim community in Bulgaria is that dwelling in the upland valleys of the Rhodope mountains, south of Philippopolis. They are known as the Pomaks. Though they talk the Bulgarian language, they are, according to some authorities, the lineal descendants of the ancient Thracians.

In their national songs they are said to keep alive the name of the semi-divine Orpheus. Unlike the warlike notes of the Servian bards, these national songs breathe a gentle, peaceful spirit, and in truth the descendants of the fierce northern hordes have become a quiet, hard-working people.

"ALLAH IL' ALLAH": A Muslim priest intoning in one of the big mosques at Uskub, a typically Muslim town lying in the southern region of Yugoslavia and not far from the Albanian border. Before entering the mosque the believer must (*left and right*) go through the ritual of cleansing hands and feet. Yugoslavia has over 1,500,000 Muslim subjects

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ISLAM in EUROPE:

"ALLAH IS GREAT, THERE IS NO OTHER GOD BUT ALLAH," cries the muezzin in ringing tones from the balcony of a minaret at Uskub, Yugoslavia. *Below*—Kurdjali, market town of southern Bulgaria, typifies the inevitable fusion of eastern and western notions in the Balkans

ITALY COMES WITH HER ENGINES OF WAR: Light tanks passing the great mosque of Tirana following the capture of Albania's capital. The sight did not arouse much wonder as Albania herself had a small mechanised force

Aspects of the Muslim Faith in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania—Italian Tanks Pass Tirana's Great Mosque—Religious Life in Uskub

WHEN MUSLIMS PRAY: With their faces turned towards Mecca they make their devotions in a Yugoslavian mosque. The kingdom has over 1,560,000 Muslims out of a population of 14,513,706 and thus constitutes the largest Muslim community in any state of Balkan Europe

WEARING THE OLD ISLAMIC FEZ OF TURKEY: Albanian peasant folk gathered in Tirana for last year's royal wedding. In modern Turkey, of course, the fez has been officially discarded

On right—**AFTER THE NOON SERVICE** the faithful leave the mosque, replace their shoes, and set forth to take their main meal of the day. Thereafter there will be a long siesta until the sun's fierce heat relaxes its grip

MAN-MADE AND NATURE-MADE SPIRES: Like a brilliant white spear the slender minaret pierces the blue, southern sky and the graceful cypress trees lend an added air of enchantment to this scene at Uskub, Yugoslavia

"HER VIRTUE AND CONSTANCY COULD NOT BE SHAKEN BY THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE": The woman represented by these words of Dr. Sven Hedin and by this mirror-picture of the Ch'ien-lung period is Hsiang Fei, whose husband, a Muhammadan Prince, was killed fighting against the Emperor Ch'ien-lung. She herself was taken captive to Peking but, remaining faithful to her husband, refused all the advances of the great Emperor. The picture is to be offered at Christie's on May 12, together with the other items from the collection of the late Percival D. Griffiths

A Peerless Princess OF OLD CHINA

And Her Tragically Romantic Story

THE beautiful Hsiang Fei, whose portrait appears above, is perhaps one of the most tragically romantic figures in Chinese history, and so green remains her memory that within the past few years her representation was still appearing on Chinese banknotes. Perhaps the best description of her historic role appears in Dr. Sven Hedin's fascinating book, *Jehol*, and from it we quote the following passages :—

It was in the twenty-fourth year of the Emperor Ch'ien-lung's reign that his armies, under the command of the victorious general, Chao Huei, made war on Eastern Turkistan, with the result that two young chieftains were defeated and met with tragic ends.

From the Emperor's all-powerful favourite, Ho Shên, the Chinese general had received orders to keep a careful watch for the younger Hodja's consort, the Princess Hsiang Fei, "The Perfumed One." The Emperor, who had heard of her marvellous beauty and the intoxicating perfume that emanated from her, was interested to know what had happened to her. After the end of the campaign, Chao Huei received orders from the Emperor,

(*Continued on page* 166)

PROBING THE MYSTERY OF LAKE CHAD'S EARLY DWELLERS

A French Expedition Makes Some Spectacular Discoveries

THE BURIAL SYSTEM OF AN ANCIENT PEOPLE: This giant funerary urn (*above*) and a similar urn in situ (*right*) have been found in the region of Lake Chad by the French-financed Sahara-Cameroons Mission which has now completed the first two years of its work. During this period some 8,000 objects have been unearthed and much light has been shed on the customs of the legendary Seo, a tribe that settled round Lake Chad at an as yet unknown date, remaining there until the fifteenth century when it was driven across the Benue River by the Muslim invaders from the East. The funerary urns depicted here are of considerable size and it appears that the bodies of dead tribesmen were placed in them together with numerous articles of jewellery, as well as food and drink to sustain them after death

ONE OF ONLY THREE BRICKS DISCOVERED IN THE SEO EXCAVATIONS: It is clear that this ancient people of the Lake Chad region did not build with any great solidity, but none the less here is evidence to prove that they were at least acquainted with the art of brick-making, though making little use of it. *On right*—These vases were found at Goulfie on the Shari river, some miles to the south of the lake, and they contain passages from the Koran. They date from the time of the Muslim invaders who drove the Seo people across the Benue river towards the Atlantic

THE GREAT RAMPARTS AT AFADE are a monument to the former might of the Seo people, while the primitive sculptures (*on left and right*) have an undoubted ethnological interest. When these and other finds have been fully examined in Paris much valuable data may be forthcoming

HORN OF PLENTY

"I LEFT the mate and went below Buck was still stretched but awake he felt wicked he said but I got him round with a dozen fresh oysters and a cooled bottle of Guinnesses. I feel better already he said laughing. Try another bottle you must be thirsty. I did so, after this he got up took a shower and felt he said ready for anything."

A. A. Horn, "TRADER HORN IN MADAGASCAR." (Cape, 1929.)

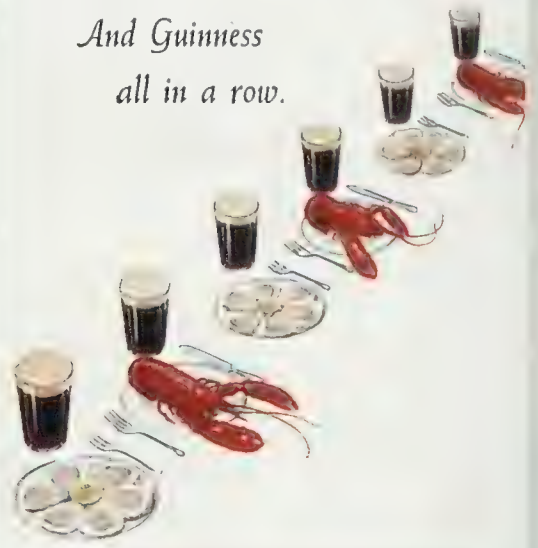
SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837) in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. Quoted in Monypenny's "LIFE OF DISRAELI," Vol. II.

G.E.857.A

Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guinness
all in a row.



NOTE FROM THE BEST—"CELLAR" BOOK

"*The comeliest of black malts is, of course, that noble liquor called of Guinness.*"

George Saintsbury, "NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK." (Macmillan, 1920.)

NOTE ON THE PROFESSOR'S NOTE.
Guinness is, "of course," not really black, as you can prove by holding a glass up to a strong light and observing the "ruby gleam."

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

The RUGGED HILLMEN of ALBANIA

A Fiercely Independent People Who have Made a Last Bid for Their Independence

Drawings by A. Horovitz

ARMED ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP: These Albanian hiilmen are known as Comites, coming from the Tomor mountains in the very heart of the country. They claim to be royally descended, looking upon Alexander the Great as one of their ancestors, but it is also known that they have a strong admixture of northern blood, a German tribe having migrated south and settled among them at some early date. A large proportion of the Comites have very fair hair, as witness the young man on the right. In earlier days they were little more than bandits, but they were possessed of such courage that during the Turkish domination of Albania they were among the few tribes that were never properly quelled. The Comites earn a livelihood now by selling their wool in the coastal plain. Their agriculture—if such it can be called—is primitive in the extreme

On left—**IN CAMPAIGNING DRESS:** A handsome young Albanian warrior also from the Tomor mountain region. A heavy cloak shrouds his fustanella—the tunic which is such a feature of Albanian national dress—and slung across his back is the inevitable, antiquated matchlock

BIG THINGS ARE PLANNED FOR CEUTA by the Franco Government in Spanish Morocco, and important industries will soon be established there

NEW ALIGNMENTS IN MOROCCO

A Marriage of Reason Between the French and Spanish? General Franco's Victory has Repercussions in Africa

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHILE I was in Rabat, Sultan Sidi Mohammed's lovely capital, the French Resident, General Noguès, published a dahir calling upon his fellow-countrymen in the Protectorate to learn Moorish Arabic with intensive method.

The 154,000 French citizens who are masters of over 6,000,000 natives and 83,000 other Europeans, have been wont to live more apart, as it were detached as managers and overseers, than anywhere else in the French possessions, traceable to two chief causes—the sparkling new European towns that have been built well away from the native medinas, entirely separate from these, and the nature of the settlers themselves, so many of whom have nipped out from a France close at hand in order to pile up the shekels prior to ultimate returning to that same France. Too few French settlers in Morocco have, thus far, staked there in permanence.

Dahirs are issuing in unwonted number hereabouts, evidence of general French tightening up with the controls, but that language one specially interested because had it been promulgated a year or two before (said I) this job of finding out what is likely to be the effect among the Moors of Franco's Moorish-aided conquest of Spain, with its fillip to Fascism and seeming biff at Paris-Londres, might have been an easier affair: as it was, so infernally few Frenchmen are capable of intercourse with the Moors that one's interrogating of them provoked in most cases but useless generalisations. General Noguès desires to put an end to a situation by which so very many colonists' only verbal liaison with all save a small proportion of educated or French-speaking Moors is the command staccato.

It is in Tangier that most of the reaction to Franco is manifest. Just over there is Gibraltar, and Ceuta, and Tetuan. In the centre of Babel H.Q. itself is reared an enormous likeness of the Caudillo, illuminated at night, "Arriba España" in vast letters of fire across it. French, British, Italian, destroyers in the port. Ideological flares-up and fights at the cafés. Spaniards and Italians throwing themselves about a bit—no matter if many had been against Franco until lately. Had not luck dealt the latter a remarkable card in ordaining that the incoming head of the international administration of Tangier should be the Spanish representative, in succession to the French?

A certain uncertainty planes over Tangier as the result of that.

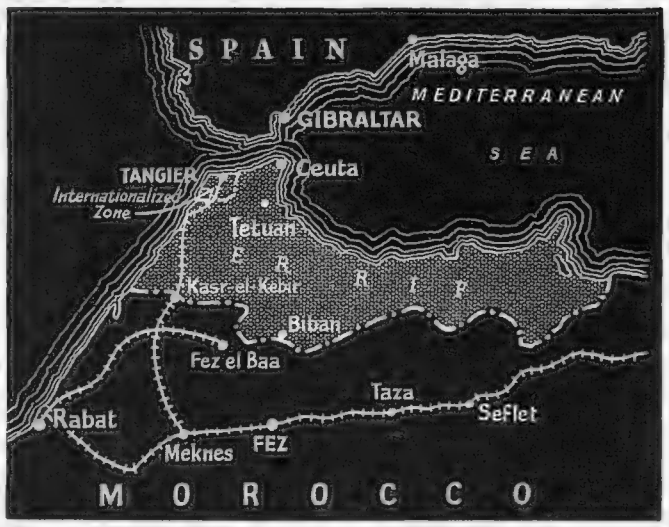
"How about this business of our Consul-General, Mr. Keeling?" I inquired of a war-time friend settled locally. "Oh, he's not more sympathetic to Franco than lots of us out here. Keeling criticism derives mainly from his not inviting enough Britons to the Legation: his Italo-Cuban wife puts over the lists, top-heavy with foreigners."

Well, maybe the more pivotal people we currently have who are "in" with the New Spain, the better. Touching this New Spain, I still believe it will resemble the Portuguese Estato-Nuovo more than any other regime. Like Garbo, Spain wants to be alone in several things; she doesn't want to be constantly having affectionate big brothers offering to do this and that, influencing, directing.

There was evidence of this in Tangier. When it came to the Negrin representative having to hand over to the Franco man, the Italian envoy, Signor Rossi, said to the latter: "Oh, do please make free of my Legation for all your negotiations." But Dr. A. wasn't having any. He felt Garbo-ish, at least as regards that flamboyant Legation on the hill of Marshan. Instead, he selected the American Consulate as the terrain for a three-hour handing over process with the Negrin man, who then left at once for Casablanca.

To cross the Spanish zone en route for French Morocco our Consulate has re-enforced a special 2s visa; you also have to fill in a form for the Spaniards, and one for our F.O. promising not to immix yourself in local affairs. All straight-forward. Not so straight-forward, a warning against taking newspapers, cuttings, books, private papers, through the Spanish zone. Confound! I travel a wad of stuff and had to go through the whole caboodle, leaving a mass behind in Tangier. Result: the Spaniards took not the slightest notice of my luggage or of its contents, merely collected that form.

The French sublet the Spanish zone in 1912. A slash across the tip of N.W. Africa, it cuts them off from Tangier and the Straits. The result of the Spanish civil war is going to make the French regret that subletting even more than they have done heretofore. A transformation of Spanish Morocco, economically, militarily, in every way, has already been begun in an atmosphere politely distant to the neighbouring French, despite the fact that so many of these "colonists," government officials, professional men, entrepreneurs and managers of all kinds are themselves ultra-Right almost to a point of Fascism.



WHERE DEMOCRATIC FRANCE AND FASCIST SPAIN RUB SHOULDERS: A sketch map of Morocco showing the Spanish area (Rif), the French area to the south, and the internationalised zone of Tangier

The Sultan may still nominally rule over both zones, French and Spanish, but he has not been to Tetuan for several years, and there are those who are wondering if he will ever go there again, consequent on his speech of November last, flatly promising the support of all his Moors to the French. Certain it is that if the Spanish Nationalists keep on the present "Khalifa" representation of young Sidi Mohammed, it will be mainly from spiritual considerations and in an atmosphere vastly changed from former second fiddle to French Morocco.

Precisely what degree of autarchic cutting adrift, of totalitarianism, is destined for the Spanish zone depends on which of Spain's three tendencies will finish up on top domestically: Franco's relative moderation and traditionalism? The Italian-inclined Phalangists? The German idea so pressed by the Caudillo's brother-in-law, powerful Señor Suñer? If number two should prevail, then there's going to be a hot time in the Spanish zone and round about. I am told that Hitler's war on religion is putting Nazi influence back a lot, however well and discreetly Germans helped the victory largely by vital administrative work.

Spanish Morocco actually benefited by the civil war freak boom that is to be pushed to the utmost in returned peace time. With the frontier closed to French Morocco, which used to furnish the Spanish zone with practically everything, Spain sent across wheat, flour, meat, oil, wine, sugar, coffee, corn, and experts and capital to develop cultivation in the zone. In addition to most of the foregoing, oranges and tobacco are now being produced.

Besides receiving back the majority of Franco's conquering Moors, promised land in the zone, Spanish Morocco is being prepared to receive a considerable immigration from poorer southern Spain. Hand-picked settlers will go along to act as hub-men.

Industries are also coming into being: candles, leather, native cloth, beer, matches, furniture, cigars and cigarettes. As for minerals, the zone's intensified output greatly contributed to paying for German- and Italian-supplied war necessities, and to lead, antimony and iron is now being added graphite.

Another impulsion will come from looking at Ceuta and Melilla differently. These are valuably placed, but as free ports have in the past little served Spain. The new directed economy that Madrid will introduce will radically alter things. No more concessions or monopolies to the foreigner. Industries to be created round Ceuta which will enter into close relationship with the Italian free ports of the Mediterranean. Melilla is to be reorganised so that it shall come to act as the principal port for French eastern Morocco and the valley of the Moulouya, each at present badly served.

The zone is also to be heavily garrisoned, though whether the Moorish element's favourite song will continue to be "When we recapture Andalusia" remains to be seen.

Up to this writing the frontier with French Morocco remains closed to trade, and the main obstacle to setting things going again between these two protected parts of the one Sherifian Empire is given out to be Franco's currency control: if this is maintained the French do not see how business can be restarted. But does the New Spain desire that it should—on anything like the old scale?

Colonel Beigbeder, who conspicuously held the Moroccan end down for Franco and still presides at Tetuan, spoke as a Francophile after a recent initial meeting with General Noguès at the frontier, first rapprochement in almost three years. Between France and Spain in Morocco there is a marriage of reason (said the Colonel) always the most solid. "We quarrel, but make it up because superior interests unite us." Maybe this officer remembers that Government Spain offered Spanish Morocco to France, in 1936, as reward for her intervention and that Paris refused. But do many Nationalists now choose to give the French this credit?

Well, let us go up to Meknès and Fez and see what the French have to say. Meknès (I am informed) is the new local Aldershot. If Fascist Spain gets up to any tricks imperilling France, in Morocco, or the Balearics or Canaries or Rio d'Oro or Spanish Guinea or Fernando Po, of the existence of Meknès-prepared material, human and other, might Colonel Beigbeder require to be reminded—in self-protection is this uttered, in no way menacingly. And what a hard and expert human material does France forge in these parts, where so many of her best soldiers learnt their jobs.

(Continued on page 164)

BRITISH FLYING-BOATS AT ANCHOR AT ARZEU, ALGERIA: This is reputedly one of the best natural harbours on the whole north African coast

ACADEMY PRELUDE

The Hanging Committee at Work

THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING we are told, but the Royal Academy Hanging Committee must have their doubts at times as they attempt to find a suitable position for each of the 1,500 or more works selected for display. Gradually, however, after days of patient trial and error, the jig-saw takes its final shape and all is prepared for varnishing day, the private view, the critics, and the public

OH WHERE, OH WHERE SHALL SHE GO? A graceful marble figure that evidently set the Hanging Committee a problem

TRIAL AND ERROR: An attendant stands on the ladder holding a picture and waiting for the committee to approve its position

FLAIR FOR FARCE: Kay Hammond, who has followed up her magnificent vamping performance in *French Without Tears* with some brilliant acting in *Sugar Plum* at the Criterion

On Stage and Screen

GATE THEATRE-GOERS SEE "OF MICE AND MEN"

The Play that Fascinated New York : Claire Luce Takes Her Original Part : A New Comedy at the Kingsway

By PHILIP PAGE

THE trivial and slightly unpleasant comedy, *A Woman's Privilege*, at the Kingsway Theatre is Miss Margaret Branford's first play, and for all its triviality and unpleasantness I would not say that it is lacking in promise. She can write good, easy, and natural dialogue, and she can draw real people. I feel that Miss Branford might one day even write a very good play indeed if she can find an adequate theme and can set about constructing it properly. In this case the theme is pitifully inadequate and there is no construction at all, for the sufficient reason that there is nothing to construct.

The outstanding figure in that suburban home of the Haydons, in which mild little Mr. Haydon (Mr. Ralph Roberts gave a life-like portrait) very far from outstood, was the daughter Lilah. Lilah was a vulgar opportunist, a mass of false emotions and only two real ones—acquisitiveness and sexual acquiescence. She only seemed about to become real when the curtain fell on the second act and on Lilah on the sofa with one of her young men. No play can be called interesting when the only interesting, though primitive, episodes have of necessity to take place during the interval.

When Lilah finds that she will be expected, when married, to live on £400 a year, she drops her *fiancé* like a hot brick and asserts that she is going to have a child of which she accuses another, and richer, young man of being the father. He is having none of that story or of her, and our last sight of this horrible girl is of her fondling the bald head of a middle-aged Greek with an American accent (Mr. Douglas Stewart—excellent, as always), reputed to be immensely rich.

Miss Phyllis Calvert has the physical allure without which Lilah would be utterly preposterous. She can also act, but was weighed down by the irritating nastiness and superficiality of the character, as almost any actress would have been. Miss Rosemary Scott gave reality to Lilah's less vampish but almost equally repulsive sister, Anne. She had to say "I think the whole human race utterly objectionable. I much prefer animals." And obviously meant it. That's the sort of woman Sister Anne was.

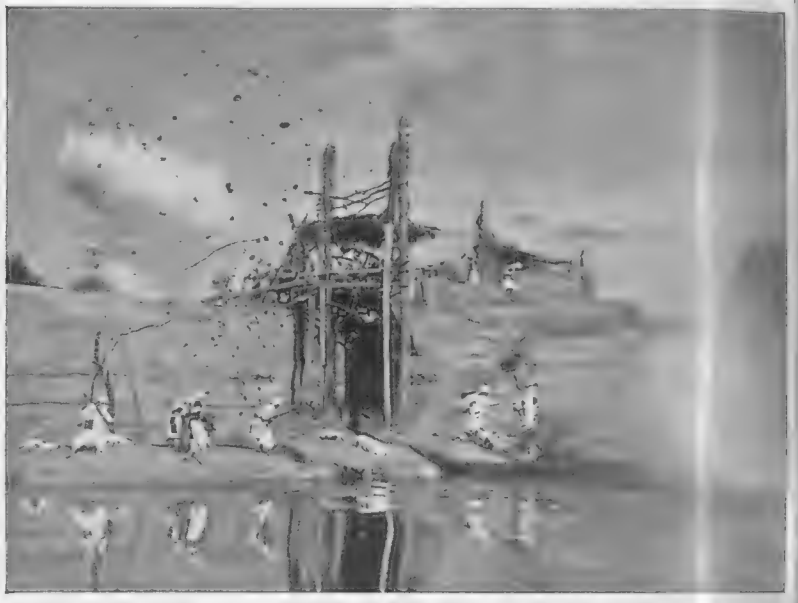
FILLING THE VAUDEVILLE BREACH: Sebastian Shaw and Jenny Laird who have taken over the leading parts in Robert Morley's successful comedy *Goodness, How Sad*. Apart from first-rate acting the play has a boarding-house setting that really has to be seen to be believed

"Of Mice and Men."—The censor seems to loom large in discussions of the sensational American success and extraordinarily fine play by John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*, possibly because he has had nothing whatever to do with it. It has never been submitted to him and is being shown at the private, or semi-private, Gate Theatre, over which the censor does not, or cannot, rule. That the play will one day be given a "regular" innings at a bigger and more public theatre (providing, of course, the censor does not forbid it altogether or cause it to be emasculated out of all recognition) I sincerely hope for the sake of those many loyal supporters of the drama who are unable to see it in its present tiny home.

All this talk of the censor may give some of these the impression that *Of Mice and Men* is a slough of indecency. It is nothing of the sort. Its language is frequently crude and the word which denotes the child of unmarried parents crops up incessantly. But in itself the play is quite innocuous, as pure and as simple as truth itself, to which it is so near—in fact, a good deal purer, for there is some truth in Oscar Wilde's *mot* that "truth is rarely pure and never simple."

For the benefit of those who have not read Steinbeck's novel of the same name, on which it has been cleverly founded, I should explain that this is the story of two casual labourers in California—far, far from Hollywood sophistication, in a remote agricultural district. George is an intelligent young man with a sympathetic nature which finds plenty of work to do in the matter of his companion, Lennie. Lennie is a vast lout, practically an imbecile, without even the brains to realise his abnormal strength and its dangerous possibilities. There is no deliberate harm in him any more than there is in a baby in its pram; to George he is as devoted as any baby is to a nice kind "Nannie" which is, in fact, what George is to him.

Lennie is always getting into odd little scrapes owing to his passion for stroking soft living things or materials—which Freud or Havelock Ellis have



IN "GUNGA DIN" VEIN: A spectacular moment in Alexander Korda's film version of A. E. W. Mason's famous novel, *The Four Feathers*, now running at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, and Allan Jeayes head a well-chosen cast. This is regarded as Mr. Korda's come-back picture

CHARLES BOYER TEAMS WITH IRENE DUNNE in the very obviously-named picture, *Love Affair*, which has just started its run at the Carlton, Haymarket. The story is as obvious as the title, with hardly a single original twist, but Boyer has a wonderful knack of lending an air of sophistication to all his parts

possibly explained, though he certainly is not a sex-maniac. When he affectionately fondles, ignorant of his uncanny strength and therefore unable to restrain it, a mouse or a dog it dies—"It just came to pieces in me 'and," as the housemaid says of the broken tea-cup.

The pair find employment on a farm which is not a happy place. The son of the boss had married a fortnight before a beautiful girl of whom he is madly jealous; as he is a nasty piece of work in addition, he raises every kind of hell among the farm-hands and others at every opportunity. The wife gives him plenty of opportunity, not because she is immoral but because she is lonely. There is no other woman in the place or anywhere near it, and her husband leaves her much alone. When she wanders into the men's quarters it is only because she wants to talk to someone.

The author makes this perfectly clear, and so does Miss Claire Luce, who plays the part she created in America. It is a performance of compelling beauty largely, though not solely, because of its restraint. It would have been so easy to angle for oceans of sympathy for this neglected young soul, with her pathetic aspirations after film-acting—the only form of "civilisation" she knows—her poor little bits of finery, with not even a dance-hall anywhere near, "all dressed up and no place to go." Miss Luce lets the sympathy to some extent take care of itself, though, of course, it comes in plenty; the nature of the character and her own personality see to that.

What is more important and more difficult is that she invests the creature with a strange dignity—the dignity of sheer suffering—and her furious outburst when one of the men calls her a foul name has in it the almost awe-inspiring power of the true tragedienne. Those who are possibly surprised at such a quality and associate this actress only with revue triumphs and a stage partnership with Mr. Fred Astaire should be reminded that it was in a tragic play, *Burlesque*, that Miss Luce made her first appearance in this country and she was brilliantly successful.

Here there is a double tragedy. The gigantic Lennie happens to stroke the girl's hair—she is nothing to him nor he to her and they are just chatting together like a couple of kids—when his strength comes surging up. He shakes her head playfully—and breaks her neck. His pal George swiftly takes him to some brushwood near by and, in mercy, shoots him. The only course.

In its vivid simplicity *Of Mice and Men* has some of the elements of Greek tragedy. But not, fortunately, one iota of the pretentiousness of the modern imitators of that form; verse is not attempted (in such surroundings it would be inconceivably ludicrous) and those farm-hands are not given to Eliotish mutterings in chorus. Mr. Norman Marshall's production is as direct and simple as the play itself. Of the English cast, confronted with the well-nigh impossible task of impersonating not only Americans but Americans of a difficult and essentially localised type, Mr. John Mills and Mr. Sydney Benson (an unforgettable figure—an old one-armed labourer mourning his shot pet) overcame the obstacles with the nearest approach to perfection. But all put up a plucky, and by no means unsuccessful, fight.

THE ARGYLL ROOMS—GAY HAUNT OF THE 19TH CENTURY, stood on the site now occupied by the Trocadero and fittingly they now form the background of a scene in Cochran's new supper show

"DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW": Five of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies in action

Cochran Brings to Life the ARGYLL ROOMS

Mr. Cochran has had a really bright idea in making a background to represent the old Argyll Rooms for one of the episodes in his new supper-time show, *Night Lights*, which has just opened at the Trocadero, Shaftesbury Avenue.

The Argyll Rooms once stood on the site of the Trocadero and all through the nineteenth century they enjoyed a considerable reputation.

In 1809, for instance, we hear of a certain Colonel Greville giving a series of entertainments there for the notabilities of the town, while in 1813 an advertisement in a London journal declared:

"**ARGYLL ROOMS.** S. Slade most respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry, that the SUBSCRIPTION MASQUERADE and FANCY DRESS BALL will take place THIS EVENING, June 9, under the immediate Patronage of the Right Hon. the Countess of Jersey."

In 1823 we again find mention of the Argyll Rooms, and the following is an extract from a contemporary description of a masquerade there: This masquerade, on Wednesday last, deserves every praise which can be bestowed upon it, and as we saw it in person, at least by those of our own family, on whom we can depend, we are enabled to say, that the conduct of it, in every department, reflected the highest honour on the proprietors and managers. We have always considered that the greatest objection to these masquerades was, that from the promiscuous society, and from the elevated spirits of the younger portion, it is scarcely possible for families and ladies to attend them. In the masquerade in question, we feel pleasure in saying that a more gentlemanly society, and more gentlemanly powers, were never exhibited in any private assembly.

A GOOD PART FOR BETTE DAVIS: Here she is in all her Edwardian finery in the new picture, *The Sisters*, which came to the Warner Theatre last week. It is a small-town drama of the San Francisco earthquake days, and Bette has the chance to wear some intriguing clothes and indulge in some of that fine emotional acting at which she is such a specialist

At the Coliseum.—I do not know "the reaction," as they say, of professional athletes and sportsmen (by no means synonymous terms) to appearing at the Coliseum, which has of late pursued this sort of muscular-cum-ball-game policy. But I imagine that Mr. Eric Boon, England's lightweight champion, whom I saw there last week, must have had a more interesting time of it, and certainly a less exacting one, than he has in the boxing ring.

What is more, he had a bevy of pretty females as a sort of suite. The "Chatteris Lovelies," danced attendance on Mr. Boon. Between the bouts of an exhibition contest with a Mr. Silver, golden-haired damsels bent over Mr. Boon, fanned his weary brow, and massaged his legs. Not every lightweight champion has been massaged by a "Chatteris Lovely."

By far the best turn on the bill was that of Harry Tate, in his motor-bike sketch. This is every bit as funny as his famous "Motoring," "Fishing," "Selling a Car," and the rest of those masterpieces of absurdity. The nonsense is often up to *Alice in Wonderland* standard, and even beyond it. "That's a wonderful clock," says Harry, pointing to one attached to his handle-bars, "it goes for eight days without winding." "How long does it go if you wind it?" asks his son, Ronald.

For what mysterious reason this really great comedian, who has delighted London for thirty years and more, the popular top-of-the-bill "star" at the Hippodrome, the old Empire, and of other music-halls innumerable, should have had, on the Coliseum bill-matter, his name printed in very small type while several comparative non-entities without a tenth part of his entertainment abilities had their names blazoned in huge capital letters, was a mystery to me. I can only hope this was a mistake. Or was Sir Oswald Stoll proceeding on the lines that "good wine needs no bush"?

IT WAS TOO HOT INSIDE THE THEATRE, so members of the cast of *Behind the Curtain*, comedy thriller shortly due for production at Richmond Theatre, carried on rehearsals on Richmond Green, thus vastly entertaining the passers-by

£ s. d. *and the* L.C.C.

A Good Record of Service and a Grim Record of Spending

THE London County Council has just celebrated its jubilee with all the ceremony proper to an important event in the life of the largest local government body in the world. It may seem ungracious at such a time to refer to certain aspects of L.C.C. administration, aspects on which the various articles and speeches dealing with the jubilee have been reticent almost to the point of complete silence. This article is intended to give the point of view of the ratepayer, be he an hotel proprietor in Park Lane or a landlord in Hoxton, for it is the ratepayer who finds the money to put into the ambitious plans of London's governing body.

Taxpayers have notoriously short memories, and it may surprise some of London's ratepayers to know that L.C.C. expenditure amounted to £20,238,000 in 1929–30 and £35,251,000 in 1938–39, this rise of £15,013,000 resulting in an increase in the rates from 3s. 10d. to 7s. 9½d. in the £. This fact was not mentioned in any of the jubilee speeches of the L.C.C. leaders, only on the half-yearly rates demand notes, and there was discreet silence about the increase in the outstanding debt and so in debt charges. On September 30, 1929, the total L.C.C. stock outstanding was £95,511,000. On September 30, 1938, it was £128,135,000. Net outstanding debt was £73,030,000 in 1929–30 and £83,787,000 in 1938–39. And it is an inflexible economic law that this debt, which works out at about £20 per head of London's population, will have to be repaid some day by somebody.

In addition it might be useful to state on the next rates demand note the eventual cost to the ratepayers of Waterloo Bridge, and the grandiose scheme for developing the area bounded by the bridge, County Hall and Waterloo Station.

It is known that in the year ended March 31, 1929, the L.C.C.'s housing expenditure amounted to £31,740,000; that in the year ended March 31, 1938, it was £55,716,000, an increase of nearly £24,000,000; and that further expenditure of £50,000,000 has been sanctioned. It is to the credit of the Council that it has grappled courageously and efficiently with the slum problem, as its estates at Becontree and elsewhere testify, but it has failed to grasp the nettle of the undesirable tenant who, moved from a slum, will recreate slum conditions elsewhere. An article on L.C.C. slum clearance says: "Experience would show that at least 75 per cent. of the persons removed from unfit accommodation respond to their new environment within, say, six months. Of the remainder, some need further help, and sometimes, unfortunately, a few seem unable to adapt themselves to their new conditions." It is these "few" who are the snag in this problem of rehousing, for it is a well-known fact that whereas good neighbours seldom raise a bad family to a higher level, the bad will often as not tend to lower the good.

Other countries, notably Holland and Denmark, have tackled this problem by the segregation of the undesirable tenants into specially constructed and separate dwellings, where they have special remedial treatment. The results have been remarkably successful, and with its enthusiasm for housing progress the L.C.C. might do valuable pioneer work in Britain.

The L.C.C. has a remarkable record in progressive education—its technical training classes are said to be the best in the world—but its enthusiasm in this field seems to be getting out of proportion to the needs of London's child population. Because of the falling birth-rate the number of children entering the schools declines year by year, and the decline is likely to be even greater over the next decade. It is particularly marked in London, yet we find the L.C.C. building more and larger schools. In 1929–30 the Council spent £12,250,000 on education, and the education levy on the ratepayers was at the rate of 2s. 2¾d. in the £. In 1938–39, with a considerably smaller child population, it spent £13,652,000, and the rate was nearly 2s. 7d.

The L.C.C. is a very remarkable body doing very fine work, and Mr. Herbert Morrison is perhaps the nation's most able local government administrator, but none of these things absolves the machine from criticism, made all the more legitimate by rising expenditure and increasing rates. In ten years the burden on the ratepayer has risen by nearly 4s. in the £, and the net outstanding debt by £10,757,000.

J. Baker White

COUNTY HALL IS GROWING and many London ratepayers shudder to think just what the final bill for it will be

A Grays Elegy!

The Thames-side Town where the Little Ships go to be Broken Up for Scrap at the End of their Days

By NOEL THOMPSON

RUDYARD KIPLING wrote, in the days of my youth, a poem asking, "Where are you going to, all you big steamers?" The answer was, I fancy, the ends of the world, or the British Empire, which he meant as the same thing.

Of those steamers which he had in mind and wrote about, I wonder how many are still in existence? Precious few, for I have learned that the average life of a steamer is between twenty and twenty-five years—unless it is sold to a European country which may keep it going as a trading hulk and collect insurance if an "accident" happens.

But the majority, after their allotted span, find their way to the ship-breakers' yard and are there demolished. In the last few years we have seen the British-built *Olympic*, the German-built *Berengaria*, which was the *Imperator*, and the queen of the seas, the grand veteran *Mauretania*, all disappear by degrees. These, proud even to the end, steamed to their graveyard, where they were moored for the last time. Others, famous and less famous, were towed in undignified manner to their fate.

It is sad to think of the memories which are thus destroyed—but not all ships disappear entirely. There is an hotel in Derbyshire which has an Olympic lounge—every piece of furniture and decoration came from the old liner. Passengers eagerly sought for mementoes of the *Mauretania* and *Berengaria*, furniture was made from the panelling; souvenirs carved for passengers with happy memories of many safe and comfortable Atlantic crossings. But that is the fortune of the happily famous monster vessels.

Later I want to tell you about the not so famous, but infinitely interesting, smaller boats which have ploughed their way through the seven seas and are broken up into oblivion with hardly a passing thought.

But how do they value a ship for breaking-up purposes? Well, there are some half-dozen leading firms whose job this is. It may take their experts anything from two days up to a week of careful calculation. But there is no rule of thumb about it. Apart from the hull, whose displacement is known, the considerations are: Sale of fittings and furniture; tons of brass; tons of gunmetal; tons of copper. In other words, the expert is most interested in the non-ferrous metals, whose price at the moment is approximately £40 a ton for copper, £35 a ton for gunmetal, and £30 a ton for brass.

An estimate I received was that the price for breaking-up purposes would be less than a twentieth of the original value of the ship. The engines are of very little or no use, except as metal; the boilers, unless they have recently been attended to, rarely sell, and the propellers are valueless. A sister ship might be able to use the propellers, but the size, shape, and twist need to be so accurate that nothing but a twin vessel could benefit by them. So they go to scrap too.

Now the expert makes his tour of the ship. He knows the net displacement, which means without the engines, the boilers, concrete ballast, water in the tanks, cabin and lounge equipment and all the etceteras—in short, the bare cargo space.

He goes slowly round. He values the gunmetal bearings, and knows whether it is Admiralty gunmetal—the best—or not, and that goes into his note-book. Then there are the brass fittings and the condenser tubes to be taken into detailed valuation. He has to study the copper piping. Often this piping is covered with asbestos and he must judge the thickness, and therefore the weight, unless he is lucky enough to find a break or stop-cock where he can study the copper accurately.

As you see, it is not, and can never be, a rule of thumb task. Roughly speaking, whereas the price paid for a ship for breaking up a year ago would have been about £1 a ton, it is now nearer £2. The reason? Demand for metals for rearmament.

But nowadays the metal stays in this country instead of going to the Continent.

Two of the few parts of a ship which can be resold are the deck or cargo winches.

To my surprise I learn that one of the biggest ship-breaking firms have a yard within 30 miles of London, and so I catch the first train down to Grays, on the banks of the Thames in Essex, to see Mr. Matthews, of Messrs. Thomas W. Ward, Limited. It is a branch yard for smaller vessels up to about 7,000 tons. Mr. Matthews, grey-haired Yorkshireman, spectacled, with a small military moustache, very soon puts me on the right lines for breaking up a ship.

You start from the top. Bridge, superstructures, masts come away first, together with all cabin equipment. Then a hole is cut in the deck big enough to allow the engines to be lifted out in sections. The last stage is the cutting, with oxy-acetylene cutters, of the hull. This must be done evenly all round and, the Thames being tidal, when you are getting towards the end, the shifts work according to the tide. When the tide is low, work on the hulk; when the tide comes in, cut on land the severed portions into their correct size.

The sections of metal for the blast furnaces in England are 5 ft. by 2 ft. For the Continent 1·5 metres by ·5 of a metre, or approximately 5 ft. by 1 ft. 8 in.

Here are one or two stories from Grays. One of the workmen found to his sorrow he was breaking up the submarine in which he served!

And do you remember the *Show Boat* which Mr. Clifford Whitley ran on the Thames? It was a sensation for a season some years ago. It met its fate at Grays—and people romantically inclined motored down to the yard to beg for a souvenir. One man got the steel steering-wheel.

And then there was the biggest yacht of all, the *Alacrity*. It was built for the American millionaire Drexel, and later passed to a Russian princess, before Mr. Claude Grahame-White moored it off the south coast so that it could be used as a club. The *Alacrity* met its doom in the same yard. There is a skylight from the yacht in one of the yard buildings now.

I walk through the yard where the apparently untidy heaps of scrap are being loaded on to trucks, weighed, and dispatched, and am guided to the junk house. Here is a massive wardrobe, all hand-carved out of teak, and painted, rather hideously, white. It is dusty and grimy. A mirror covered with dirt stands beside it, and behind is a divan.

"All hand work," points out Mr. Matthews, "it came from the princess's suite on the *Alacrity*, Russian craft." I immediately suggest making an offer for it—and I hope it is accepted. "Glad to get rid of it and anything else you see," is the comment.

Round me are small ventilators ("amateur yachtsmen fitting out their cruisers buy those sometimes"), lifebuoys, parts of engines, every odd remnant of a ship you can imagine. Some of these pieces may end their days in the film studios. I suppose there are worse fates.

LINGERIE and LACE

Sentimental Clothes Inspire New Make-ups and an Entirely New Accessory Technique

Do you remember the days when women spent the live-long day crocheting miles of snowy lace? It is back again—the lace—giving freshness to navy blue, to navy green, which is a new colour this season, and to black. It is used in rows on yokes and bodices, and it edges petticoats that show shyly beneath the swing of full skirts.

On the right is a charming black crêpe marocain frock, with triple revers edged with white linen lace. The white panama sailor has a wide-meshed black veil caught in a bow at the back

Eyelet Embroidery *riots its way through the summer collections. Robert Piguet makes this bolero suit of navy alpaca, with a white guimpe and a ribbon-threaded petticoat. The hat is of cyclamen pink straw*

NEW SHOES . . .

NOT for many years have evening shoes been such a problem as they are now, when many women are wondering what best to wear with white cotton and pastel-coloured dresses.

One thing is certain. Contrasts are more effective and infinitely more practical than matching shoes. They can save a romantic dress from mere prettiness, and they can reduce the cost of accessories if they are chosen in a colour that will accent several frocks.

Nicest shoes of the moment—sandals composed of rainbow strips of rolled suede. Most practical, sandals made of brilliant brocades or embroidered linen. Most exotic, glass slippers, delightful to look at, but not too good to stand in.

White Tulle and Lace

Lingerie dresses are of two types. Those that are as gentle and nostalgic as a dream. And those that have unexpected touches of sophisticated brilliance. Immediately above is one of Chanel's dinner dresses with a tight little white lace top and a very full skirt of white tulle hemmed with green taffeta frills beneath black and rose-coloured ribbons

On the left is a picture frock that is just a cloud of white organdie drifting with every movement, the skirt latticed with reseda and rose ribbons tied in True Lovers' knots, with a tightly-corseted bodice of black satin. This again is a Robert Piguet dress, and is a brilliant example of the way in which he accents simplicity by vivid details

AND JEWELLERY

Jewellery grows increasingly lavish as dresses become more artless. Rows and rows of shells make iridescent necklaces. Glass flowers with bright green leaves are strung on golden cords. Glass-fronted flower lockets are hung on black velvet ribbons. Ear-rings swing again, and wide pearl bracelets are worn on both wrists.

BEAUTY TO BUY

If you are brown-skinned and dark-eyed do not make the fatal mistake of trying to adopt the new pastel make-ups. Instead, emphasise your brownness when you are wearing white or yellow or greens by using Redwood, one of Elizabeth Arden's new make-ups, which gives a glow of radiant health to the lips and cheeks.

If you are a true blonde, try her new Sky-Blue-Pink, which will make you look as ethereal as a dream. And if you feel that a too-wistful beauty is not quite in your line, experiment with Stop Red, a colour that is clear as a challenge but without harshness. A red that has no hint of yellow or blue, so that it gives the skin a transparent vitality.

Possibly you feel very strongly that a woman is seldom the best judge of her own make-up, and certainly there would be plenty of evidence on your side. Then, if you are in London, spare a few minutes when next you are in Marshall and Snelgrove's to pay a visit to the Tourneur Salon. There they will blend powders and rouges specially for you, mixing them with infinite patience until they find the one colour that will complement your clothes and at the same time make you more attractive than you have ever been before. It takes only a very little while, and it costs nothing, this invaluable service, so there is no excuse for not trying it at the earliest possible moment.

Another thing that has become of supreme importance with the advent of overpoweringly feminine frocks is the choice of a foundation that will give your skin a clear, cool surface that will remain unimpaired right through the day. If the skin is inclined to be dry a cream base will probably be best, but for normal skins a liquid powder foundation gives a pleasing effect. The newest of them have been scientifically planned to counteract any tendency towards dryness, and they are made in many shades.

One last suggestion. If your skin is really clear and even-toned, use no rouge during the day, but instead very lightly shadow your eyes and use two powders, a light one first, patted in smoothly all over the face, with a darker one dusted across the cheeks to round them off and to give them a slight warmth.

The Georgian group, which has such fine successes to its credit in saving British antiquities, is now said to be endeavouring to prevent the demolition of the old Market House at Potton, Bedfordshire, the south front of which is shown in this picture. The Bedfordshire County Council propose to retain the centre portion as a clock tower, but to destroy the remainder. The Market House has long been known as "The Shambles," and there is certain evidence to indicate that it was erected 300 years ago when the Fens were drained by the Earl of Bedford and the Dutchman, Vermuyden

THE GEORGIAN GROUP
Is On the Warpath Again

Douglas Reed: Prophet of Woe

"Disgrace Abounding" Comes To Follow Up the Success of "Insanity Fair"

IT is just about a year ago that Mr. Douglas Reed published *Insanity Fair*, a book which set out to be autobiography and succeeded in being a commentary on European affairs, and foretold, with frightening accuracy, most of what has happened since. The book is now a best-seller: it has run through forty impressions.

"To be a prophet of woe," says Mr. Reed, "is no satisfaction." The book was just ready for publication when the German armies marched into Vienna. New chapters were needed, but still there were those who were not slow to fling the Cassandra jibe. The dawn of Munich was not yet; the umbrella had yet to be elevated.

"But I knew, on that night," writes Mr. Reed, referring to the first troop movements into Austria, "that Austria meant Czechoslovakia, and that Czechoslovakia meant Hungary, Poland, Rumania; that these meant Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia, the whole of Danubia and the Balkans, German invincibility—and, ultimately, you."

DISGRACE ABOUNDING (Cape. 10s. 6d.) continues the story of *Insanity Fair* and, significantly enough, begins with a chapter titled "Island Lament." The foreign correspondent who had seen so many things being made and unmade in Central Europe, who had observed peoples living their daily lives under threat of extinction, who had watched and interpreted every step in the gathering might of the swastika, took a look at London in May, 1938. To one reader at least the vigour of his observations make as uncomfortable reading as those subsequent chapters in which the author prophesies that which has again come true in Central Europe.

Events move so rapidly that it looks as if Mr. Reed will have to do some more concertina expanding to bring this book up to date, for both ends of the Axis have been busy since it came out. He may get no satisfaction out of these swift fulfilments of his prophecies but the public will see to it that he is well rewarded in sales. And the public will be equally well served, for Mr. Douglas Reed can write, and his readability seems to increase with his indignation.

To anyone who knew the Berlin of pre-Hitler days and can remember it without prejudice, Mr. Christopher Isherwood's GOODBYE TO BERLIN (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.) will be particularly moving. It is a collection of sketches or short stories based on vivid experience and told with a poetic sensibility that is too rare to be disregarded. In a sense it is a book of pictures, of squalid interiors, of startling portraits and of Hogarthian scenes of shabby and dejected dissipation.

Mr. Isherwood is deeply observant, of men and women and of himself. The personal note is never absent for long, since every experience must be correlated to his own feelings, but he understands the art of making this appear to the reader to be of vital importance. I suspect that this is less a device of writing than of thinking, but it is immensely effective and gives one a sympathy, which might have been difficult to attain otherwise, with the people who, for economic or other reasons, were living in the sordid *milieu* with which most of his sketches are concerned.

At the time about which Mr. Isherwood is writing here Berlin was a vastly different place, although when one comes to sum up those differences they are hard to define. There are the obvious ones of night clubs and *nachtlokals* which no longer entertain visitors, and those forms of depravity which were once allowed a certain licence and now no longer, officially, exist. There is the absence of organised anti-Jewish feeling and the widespread and unbelievable poverty.

These things may have altered but the spirit of Berlin has altered even more. In the last section of the book, which is a Berlin diary of 1932–3, Mr. Isherwood shows the violence of that change as it was actually taking place. Among these entries is a paragraph about his landlady, whom the writer takes to be typical of the Germans who were able to accept Hitler's domination most readily.

"Already she is adapting herself, as she will adapt herself to every new regime. . . . If anybody were to remind her that, at the elections last November, she voted Communist, she would probably deny it hotly, and in perfect good faith. She is merely acclimatising herself, in accordance with a natural law, like an animal which changes its coat for the winter. Thousands of people like Frl. Schroeder are acclimatising themselves. After all, whatever government is in power, they are doomed to live in this town . . ."

Although I think it must have been the last thing he intended, there is great pathos about the late Grand Duke Cyril's memoirs, which have just been edited and published by his son. For twenty-one years an exile in France, that home of great exiles, he set about marshalling his recollections of that fabulous life of the Czars which he had known so intimately. The Grand Duke died last year, but up till that time he had been recognised by most sections of White Russian society as the natural successor to the title of Czar, and he had, in that capacity, issued a number of manifestos in his last years with the intention of rallying loyal Russians to the imperial family.

MY LIFE IN RUSSIA'S SERVICE: THEN AND NOW (Selwyn and Blount. 15s.) is a sad, but not an undignified book. Any writer holding such sincere convictions deserves a serious hearing whatever one's political theories. But this book has another merit, and one that should appeal to any student of contemporary history. Since most of us these days fit that description perforce, that includes a fairly wide range.

The last thirty years of the Czarist regime seem to us now, at least as far as the life of the court and the aristocracy were concerned, as distant and magnificent as a fairy tale and, to pursue that analogy, a fairy tale that had its ogres and evil genii and jewelled palaces and lovely princesses. Not all the romances ended in *mariages de convenance* and not all the soldier-heroes lived for gambling and drinking.

But the very fact that one is reading about a life so irrevocably lost gives the reminiscences a certain charm. One might have been irritated by an opportunist, a "famous man's" diarist or, in fact, any author who was conscious of the effect he was producing, but not by the man who wrote, and believed as he wrote:

"The ones who paved the way to the revolution were those who owed their high positions to the Emperor. No blame attaches to the Russian people. These were deceived. It has been rightly said that 'Revolutions are hatched under top hats,' by the educated classes, by the intelligentsia of professors and social theorists. No one save those desired the revolution. Theirs is the guilt for the death of their Imperial Master and for the twenty-one years of Russia's martyrdom."

There is a quality and, more than that, a setting, in Miss Helen Douglas Irvine's elegant little book which is reminiscent of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. This is possibly a coincidence, but it is one which the publishers of FRAY MARIO (Longmans. 6s.) seem ready to emphasise. In fact, both stories have their root in a South American scene—Miss Irvine's in the eighteenth century and the heyday of the Spanish vice-royalty in Lima.

The tale, of passions and intrigue and sacrifice, is told indirectly and pieced together from the diary of one, the letters of another, the babbling gossip of a third. It tells of the degradation and subsequent happiness of an odd, gifted, ugly Franciscan brother, and his friend, a brilliant and warm-hearted actress.

It is a charming little piece, arranged and commented and presented with distinction, but it curiously fails to be moving and, since that must be its intention, it falls a little flat.

I don't like the love stories of girls so beautiful that they have developed the nauseating habit of letting their admirers down lightly. I don't like those girls any the more when they are loyal, for fictional purposes, to invertebrate brothers, and I don't—I can say this with some force—like those odd little middle-aged men splashing over with simplicity and good sense and pathos. (I didn't care for Jess Oakroyd, if that gives a clearer idea of the sort of thing I mean.)

Yet I enjoyed and laughed aloud over Miss Margery Sharp's HARLEQUIN HOUSE (Collins. 7s. 6d.), a novel which contains all these distressing ingredients. And although I never got as far as seeing eye to eye with "little" Mr. Partridge I did recognise that he might provide the elements of comedy for less jaundiced readers than myself.

For the rest, I relished every moment of the crisply told story, which seemed to have a very real affinity with the sunny Easter days and the gay and ridiculous Easter tokens which coloured that particular phase of my reading. If Miss Sharp's heroine was engaged to a tiresome Highlander, in love with a humourless American and watched over by an ineffectual little collector of scarlet socks, that was all right by me. If her decorative moron of a brother got himself in and out of spectacular trouble I could accept that, and I could even accept the perfect maiden aunt type who kept an emerald ring sewn inside her stays for safety.

All of which should prove, not that I am an easy mark for clean fun and mild gaieties, but that this writer is, in the least assuming of manners, irresistible.

The
WORLD OF BOOKS
Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

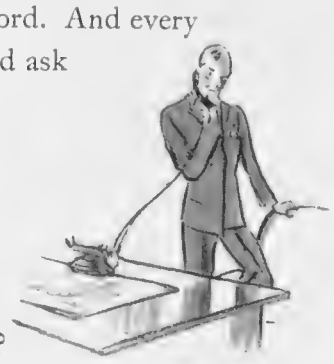
Books Received.—CHAPMAN & HALL.—FEAR NO MORE. By Margaret Askew. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—REVUE. By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—UNCLE LAWRENCE. By Oliver Warner. 5s. COLLINS.—CHRISTIAN IX. Compiled from unpublished documents and memoirs by Hans Roger Madol. Illustrated. 16s. PAWN IN THE GAME. By J. L. Hardy. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—CHALLENGE TO THE NIGHT. By Cecil Lewis. 7s. 6d. BLACK NARCISSUS. By Rumer Godden. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—DERELICTS. By William McFee. 8s. 6d.

Mother said "Extravagance!" Joan said "Swank!" ..But I said "Economy!"

TONY and I each have a car, now, and it's an economy, just as I knew it would be. Mother and even my sister Joan have eaten their words.

Here's how it started.

We had one big car, the most expensive we could afford. And every morning Tony would ask me if I needed it.



"Not if *you* do," I'd say

"How about getting the children to the Clarks' party? You'll have to take a taxi."

"But you may need to go to the works."

"I'll take the train."

"It's an awful journey, Tony."

"That's all right . . . . How about meeting tonight?"

"I'll pick you up at the office."

"But it's miles out of your way."

"I don't mind . . . . I say, Tony . . . ."

"It's late. Am I going to take the car, or are you?"

"I was only going to say—wouldn't it be lovely if we had two cars?"

Well, Tony would take the car, perhaps, and it would stand outside the office all day, while I missed buses and took taxis. Or I would keep the car and Tony would be late for a meeting at the factory. Until, one day, he rang up.

"Remember what you said about having two cars?"

I held my breath.

"I've been thinking we could buy two Fords for less than one new high-powered car. A Ford V-8 and a Ford 'Eight' together won't cost any more to run. Our garage holds two cars. And, think of the economy of using the 'Eight'."

"And think of the convenience!"

So now Tony uses the V-8 for business and our long week-end trips. We think it's the finest car we ever had. Tony says that any other car with anything like the performance would cost considerably more.

It's thrilling to drive and it looks superb. Yet it cost so little and uses far less petrol than you'd possibly imagine for a luxury car.

And I've fallen in love with my Ford "Eight." No more fuss about fetching and carrying. I just travel about as much as I like. It's so easy to handle in traffic and it holds me and Nanny and the children. It's grand.

Never have we been prouder of a car than we are of our Ford V-8. Never has £115 paid a handsomer dividend than our "Eight" pays every day of the week . . . . so Tony says, and after all he's a business man.

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FORD "Eight" Saloon, £115. Saloon de Luxe, £125.

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A glorious display of blossom in the 174-acre park at Greenwich

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Gathering the first blooms of the season on a farm near Spalding

THE PETROL WORLD

MOTOR RACING'S INFLUENCE ON CAR DESIGN

The Track Provides the Car Manufacturer with Valuable Information

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

PERHAPS a considerable number of the readers of THE SPHERE cannot realise that the sport of motor racing is anything but a pastime that provides amusement for a limited number of spectators and a small number of enthusiastic competitors. Opinions differ as to whether motor racing has any beneficial effect on the average touring motor car; indeed, quite a number of our most eminent motor magnates do not consider that the participation of their firms in high speed competition work would in any way benefit their businesses. On the other hand, we have seen during the past few years several of the Continental nations holding exactly opposite views, and, furthermore, foreign governments giving financial aid to their motor manufacturers to assist them in the field of motor sport.

It would be pure waste of time on my part to try to persuade those who do not believe in motor racing to alter their views, and although my opinion may be considered biased it is, however, quite unshakable in that I firmly believe that the car which Tom, Dick, or Harry drives up the Great North Road to-day would be a very different vehicle were it not for motor racing. I go so far as to say that the average motor car would be infinitely more dangerous, not only to its driver but to other road users, if it were driven in the same manner as we see on our roads every week-end were it not that racing has taught those concerned how to build a car that will go fast and yet remain manageable.

Had it not been for racing we should not have tyres which never burst and which last for 20,000 miles or more. We should not have had four-wheel brakes as early as we did and we should not have had such accurate and perfect steering as we expect to find in the average modern car. There are many other features of the present day saloon which are directly attributable to the experience gained in motor racing.

Abroad, motor manufacturers and their governments consider that the participation of their cars in motoring sports, particularly in foreign lands, is a form of publicity which definitely pays, but the British manufacturer I know does not agree that such is the case. Anyway, the fact remains that none of our big British car manufacturers are even interested enough to build special cars to compete with similar products of other countries in the classic events of the motor racing calendar.

This regrettable fact would have placed us in a position of abject inferiority, so far as our national prestige is concerned had it not been that amongst motor-racing enthusiasts in Great Britain we had one real sportsman, Mr. Humphrey Cook. He was convinced that national prestige in this matter was so important that he was willing to, and actually did, spend approximately £75,000 of his own money in financing the building of British racing cars. Furthermore, he has devoted a great proportion of his valuable time during the past five years to looking after the venture himself.

I quite expect that a number of my readers will not have heard of the E.R.A., the car which Mr. Humphrey Cook has had built, simply because the E.R.A. is a racing car pure and simple, and is not sold to the public for touring purposes. The E.R.A. has had an amazing amount of success, not only in this country, where it is absolutely supreme amongst cars of its own size, but also on the Continent. Had it not been for the E.R.A. it is doubtful if a large number of Continental motorists would ever have known any motor car was built in this country.

Perhaps we in England find it difficult to appreciate the status of motor racing in certain other countries. We go to Brooklands, Donington or Crystal Palace and we may find 20,000 or 30,000 watching motor racing, but the crowds in Germany, France, Italy or even America would be numbered by the 500,000 at similar events and the successful drivers would be lionised like our football stars.

SPEED COMBINED WITH ELEGANCE: The Humber Snipe has proved a popular and successful model, with its excellent road performance and extreme comfort. The latter owes a great deal to "evenkeel" independent front-wheel suspension

Having borne the brunt of financing the E.R.A. for many years Mr. Cook finds, and quite understandably, that the burden is becoming somewhat heavy and so he is compelled to curtail his financial support at the close of this year. Having heard of this decision, four or five people connected with motor racing got together and unanimously came to the decision that it would be little short of a calamity if the E.R.A. were allowed to disappear on this account. After a certain number of meetings they inaugurated a fund to be known as the British Motor Racing Fund and their object in launching this appeal is to collect, if possible, the sum of £8,000 per annum which, in fact, is two-thirds of the total amount which it is expected the running of the official E.R.A. cars will cost during a year. It is only suggested that the fund should collect two-thirds of the amount required as Mr. Cook has let it be known that he is still prepared to contribute one-third, namely, £4,000.

I appeal most strongly to motorists to support this British Motor Racing Fund and I would mention that contributions can be paid in to any branch of the Midland Bank for the credit of the British Motor Racing Fund. Incidentally, it is pleasant to note that the Royal Automobile Club has given its support to this appeal and that its chairman, Col. Sealy-Clarke, is a trustee of the fund along with Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Capt. G. E. T. Eyston and Sir Algernon Guinness, Bart. If any evidence were required as to the performance of the E.R.A. car I would like to mention that this marque won the British Empire Trophy Race at Donington on the first of this month and it registered a similar success by winning the big event of the day at the Brooklands Easter Monday meeting.

If I here refer to motoring in wintry conditions it is because I have received a letter from a SPHERE reader in Canada. He tells me of a certain preparation manufactured by the Canadian National Carbon Company which when mixed with the cooling water enables the latter to withstand temperatures of 50 deg. below zero. He goes on to say "I am a physician practising in the great northern part of Alberta, 400 miles from our capital city, Edmonton. We have great snows and very severe winters. I use a Ford specially equipped with an endless chain which passes over three wheels on each side, whilst the steering gear operates two long skis in front. The chains do not slip as the tyre on the rear drive wheel is specially constructed with treads which mesh with the chains. It will travel at 8 m.p.h. through 3 ft. of snow in high gear.

"It might be of further interest to note that while we live in a latitude not much different to northern Scotland our climate is not the same. You will by now have seen plenty of spring flowers but we will not see any until the middle of May since our snow does not

(Continued on page 164)

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THE SERENITY OF OLD

ROYAL VICTORIA PARK is the great playground of Bath. It contains specimens of almost every British tree

"WELL, it's nice to be home again!" The most seasoned traveller makes that comforting reflection at times, so after our wanderings abroad, week by week, let us stay at home for once and have a look at one of our own resorts.

There are so many of them that it is not easy to make a selection. What shall direct the choice? Half a dozen standards offer themselves, but I suggest a rather unusual one, antiquity, and where shall we find it with more dignity and charm yet in tune with the tastes of to-day than at Bath? The choice is endorsed by a surrounding countryside of outstanding interest and beauty.

The Romans must have gone there in chariots; I had to be content with the humble push-bike. That unrecorded event has been followed by many more, and I would put Bath among the three cities in this country I know best. That may explain a reluctance to talk about the elementaries of a sojourn there or the methods of approach, but some encouragement to put aside that timidity comes from recent meetings with people, by no means stay-at-homes, who have unblushingly made the confession that they have never been to Bath, perhaps facetiously turning it aside with an allusion to their liking for Bath buns and Bath chaps.

Bath has been singularly successful in fastening its name to these and other commodities, but whether the city profits by such publicity is open to question. They rather suggest that publicity lines can in the end become threadbare, but in any case Bath is far too enterprising to rely on them.

I was speaking of people who know not Bath. When they do go, there is an overwhelming chance that the journey will be by train from Paddington, a matter of less than two hours. Towards the end attention may be arrested by a built-to-last appearance of the older part of Chippenham, giving a hint that for some reason they build differently in that part of the world. Then comes the black-out of the Box tunnel, restoring the high lights on the scene of a fertile valley, with a close-up of a giant's "box of bricks." These are great blocks of pale yellow stone worked from the hillside quarries. They are Bath in embryo, yet not only Bath, for the fame of this freestone is world-wide, and in many lands it is giving enduring evidence of its quality. Yet does Bath stone draw travellers like you and me to Bath? Of course not; we are more attracted by the memory of Beau Nash or the present allurements of the Spa Committee of the City Council, unless, of course, our medical man has ordered us to the cure at Bath.

Maybe you are a bit shy about the idea of taking the waters, thinking that the treatment is only for those fighting a forlorn rearguard action with time. The Romans knew better than that nineteen centuries ago. They were not the first on the scene, for according to legend a British king (or chieftain) with the unmusical name of Bladud founded the city and sampled its waters. Be that as it may, the Romans put the place on a proper basis, built the temples of the local stone, harnessed the hot mineral waters—doing it so well that a considerable part of their work stands to this day—and gave the city the name of Aquæ Sulis. For the sake of the bun it is just as well that the name was not perpetuated, but "waters of the sun" was a very appropriate choice, and they placed it under the patronage of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and the arts. A bronze head of Minerva is now in the adjoining museum and is considered one of the most important Roman bronzes discovered in Britain.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

After the fall of Rome, Aquæ Sulis declined, and for many centuries the baths were in ruins. History is dim over long periods, but we know the city was burned by the Saxons in 577; the abbey was founded in the seventh century, but destroyed by the Danes; and Edgar the Peaceful, who promoted the consolidation of the Saxon and Danish elements within his realm, was crowned there in the latter part of the tenth century. The present abbey is a link with the last year of the fifteenth century, when Bishop Oliver King began to rebuild on part of the site of a Norman church which had fallen to ruin. I must confess I am not an expert on cathedrals, and judgments on Bath are somewhat conflicting, but you cannot help being struck by the sense of harmony it enjoys from being the product of one period, and the work on the west front is distinctive.

Then we come to the period of Bath's social renaissance when it took on the dignity of architecture which made it and

"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY": Daffodils blooming in Royal Victoria Park

BATH: Where Romans Took the Waters, Proud Nash Held Sway, and Literary Figures Loomed Large

still keeps it one of the most beautiful cities in the land. For its social rise it owed practically everything to the picturesque dictator, Richard Nash. The more solid work, however, was done by the architect John Wood and his son, whose genius had scope under the patronage of Ralph Allen, the wealthy postal reformer. To their association Bath owes the dignified Prior Park on Coombe Down, and in the city the handsome streets and such fine buildings of Bath stone as the Royal Crescent, the Circus Queen Square, Pulteney Street, and the Parades are monuments to the genius and enterprise of the Woods and the others inspired by them. A cavalcade of famous literary and historical figures began to move towards Bath and it is passing still.

WHERE VISITORS TAKE THE WATERS: The pump room colonnade — centre of life in the famous resort

Through the whole story runs the steady flow of the health-giving waters from the only hot mineral springs in the country. The Roman baths are jealously preserved as a priceless and unrivalled relic, but the waters give abundant supplies for the present thermal establishment run on modern scientific lines. Entertainment and sport are essential to the life of a spa, and Bath leaves nothing wanting in those directions. Reference to yet one more feature is imperative—the parks.

rendezvous of Roman fashion, Corinium flourished as the city at the great cross-roads. Its walls were two miles round and its site ten times the area of Bath. To-day it is a very charming country town.

We must, however, draw the ring closer. The hills surrounding Bath are easily mounted—Lansdown, where a battle was fought and where the races are held, is one of them.

I would like to take you up the valley of the Avon to Freshford and Limpley Stoke and old Bradford, but

THE ROMAN BATH: One of the five Roman baths that have been brought to light in the city. It had an artificial heating apparatus and was lined inside with concrete

It is impossible to draw any line for excursions in the surrounding country. Do you know the grandeur of the Cheddar and Avon Gorges, the harmony of the cathedral city of Wells, the sanctity of Glastonbury, the peace of Blagdon (one of the Bristol reservoirs), the fine panorama from Almondsbury or a dozen other hills in Gloucestershire of the Severn "sea" and the channel beyond? You can get to any one of them in an hour from Bath.

I am strongly tempted to push a little farther out into the Cotswold country and take in Corinium, which we know as Cirencester. When Bath was the to me the gem of them all is Castle Combe, championed by many as the prettiest village in England.

I have a score of other places I wanted to mention but time is up and we must be on our way. Our final, or rather parting impression, for we shall surely return, as the train gathers speed through Bathampton will be of Bath in the twilight. There is sufficient light in the sky for the river to give a faint reflection and to throw up a dim silhouette of the hills. On their slopes and in the valley thousands of lights twinkle. There is something soothing and serene in that picture of Bath.

Beverley Brooke

THE ROYAL CRESCENT remains the chief gem in Bath's glorious architectural crown

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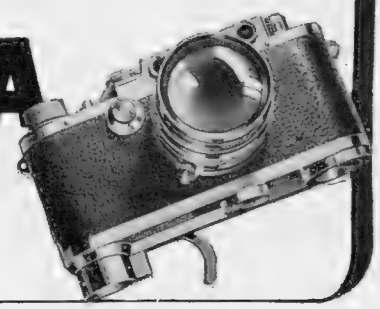

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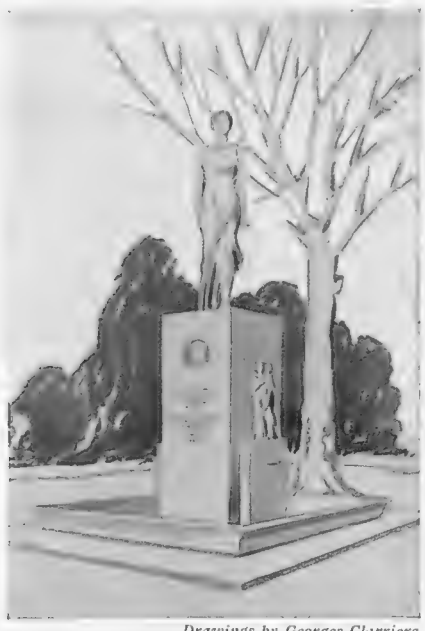
MONTELIMAR HONOURS EMILE LOUBET

TERRACED MONTELIMAR: A new impression of the little town where a memorial has just been unveiled to Emile Loubet, the French President who did so much to cement the Entente

President Lebrun and M. Daladier were present a few days ago at the unveiling of a memorial to Emile Loubet, native of Marsanne, near Montélimar, who was French President between the Presidencies of Faure and Fallières. The memorial is in the form of a statue of "La Montilienne" (a young woman of the region of Montélimar), surmounting a pedestal fountain. On the pedestal is a portrait medallion of Emile Loubet, with the inscription: "La Nation, le Departement de la Drome, la Ville de Montélimar, à Emile Loubet, l'résident de la République, 1838—1929." Loubet, however, was President only from 1899 to 1906. The dates are those of his birth and death.



Drawings by Georges Clarriere

THE LOUBET MEMORIAL which has just been unveiled at Montelimar in the presence of President Lebrun and Premier Daladier. Loubet was for long Member of Parliament for Montelimar

Loubet, who before his election as President, was Member of Parliament for Montélimar, had a rather stormy presidential passage; for it was he who signed the decree proposed by Emile Combes which separated the Church from the State, caused the exile of religious communities to Spain, Belgium, England, and elsewhere, and was considered in Catholic circles as persecution. Nevertheless, Loubet was highly respected for his integrity.

Montélimar is a very picturesque country town, full of quaint buildings and arcades, and abounding in avenues lined by plane trees some of which are hundreds of years old. As everyone knows, the town is celebrated for its nougat. In and around Montélimar there are quite twenty factories turning out nougat; and all over the town one can catch the odour of the mixture of sugar, honey and almonds, with white of eggs. Some 400,000 lb. of Montélimar nougat are made and sold every year.

G. C.

ISLAM IN EUROPE (*Continued from page* 136)

stands the Abbey of Sveti Naum. The abbey is widely famous. Pilgrims gather here, and at the annual festival 10,000 and more assemble at Sveti Naum, coming on foot and on horseback.

Not only the orthodox Christians, but also the Muslims honour this festival. Amongst the pilgrims are veiled women and also many Muslim gypsies who bring animal offerings, while the women dance in honour of the saints.

In the days of the Ottoman Empire Uskub was a great central market, receiving the caravans of the east and passing on the goods to the west. Dubrovnik (Ragusa) had trading agreements with its sultans and its citizens often had to pay tribute for these privileges.

Sarajevo, in Bosnia, scene of the assassination which set Europe aflame in 1914, is still a blend of east and west, with a kind of modernised Islamism. The women-folk wear the veil or not as the whim takes them, and as at Mostar, a smaller but equally obvious Muslim town, are free with their sparkling glances for menfolk who please them. Strangely enough, these attractive women are not, as might be expected, of Oriental type but most frequently tall and often blondes with blue and brown eyes. They are not, of course, Turks but Slavs. In the Turkish days the overlords kept harems and such families would not tolerate the Sevdalinki, peculiar to Bosnia. The Sevdalinka are passionate love songs sung at the gates or under the latticed window of the beloved's house.

In such places the Serbian peasants gathering riches in trade, assumed the feudal form of living of their Turkish fellow traders. Sometimes a member of the family became a Hadji, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca or Jerusalem. After the departure of the Turkish overlords these people suffered, being deprived of their serfs. But they endeavoured to maintain their lordly style and today, even though the districts have become purely Serbian, the people have a certain aristocratic bearing inherited from the older regime. The Turkish civilisation certainly produced a type of gentleman in the Balkans, but the invaders destroyed more than they brought in; their harsh rule, strict interpretation of the Koran, and unchanging forms produced no new progress, and much that had flourished in the Byzantine era stagnated during the centuries of Islam.

NEW ALIGNMENTS IN MOROCCO

(*Continued from page* 152)

Fez tells me that "the anti-French, Pan-Islamic and Nationalist movements are fanned by secret agents in Mussolinian and, much less so, Franquist pay. They act largely through the medersas (student schools). The Fez leader, Fassi, has been exiled to Equatorial. The principal lure held up to Moroccan youth is that of becoming entirely co-equal citizens of a Spanish and of an Italian protected North African Fascist State. Likely young proselytisers are taken off from Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, for moulding at the University of Harrar (Ethiopia). They return here to spread what has been shoved into them."

What may France be doing about this? My next halt was Rabat, in order to find out.

Fez entranced, for its genuine Middle Ages survival. "Every figure a picture, every crowd a spectacle," as Winston has said of Marrakesh, goes for Fez, too; and I know no more absorbing drive than the ten miles round Fesian walls, the age-old city lying saucer-like below. Rabat is a glorious production in which modernity has its say, and I raise my hat to those Frenchmen who laid out its gardens and planned its Moorish-style public and other buildings. Not a jarring note. Save hoardings. And, oh yes, here, as all over Morocco, one abiding blot. I refer to the horde of natives of all ages that pesters one the live-long day—"guides," pedlars, newspaper boys, everything. We christened them flies, one simply could not keep them off, and on one stroll in Marrakesh, on deciding to count, we were importuned seventy-three times in exactly five minutes.

Otherwise Morocco is gorgeous, as Lorelei might have reported. Climate, food, prices, "sites and monuments," glamour, wine, hotels, roads, scenery, swimming. We swam six days at Agadir and could not avoid turning lobster. But to resume—

There exists a native administration headed by the Sultan's viziers, under whom are the pashas and caids. But the Protectorate is actually governed by the French Resident, acting under the Quai d'Orsay, and established with his thousands of aids and functionaries in probably the most enticing government surroundings the world over. Presiding over the scene is Lyautey's semi-Muslim style mausoleum.

Rabat has latterly promulgated dahirs bearing on espionage, propaganda, and manifestations against public order, and each is being rigorously applied.

Parallel to the above tightened-up protective programme, or rather acting as part of this, goes a five-year plan for the betterment of native conditions, for to feel really safe the French must have their Moors more behind them than at present.

Remedial measures include the resettlement of landless peasants, improvement of schools and housing (the native bungaloid horror is called a "bidonville"), the construction of irrigation works to tackle drought years, mortal curse of the south, increased wages paid by the Government to local labour, admittance of more Muslims to the public service, enforced baths and anti-disease drives, judicial and administrative reforms easing the natives' position, reconstruction of no less than 150 mosques, and so on and so forth. Will this outburst of activity on the part of the protectors solve France's Moorish problem, curb the martial, religious, and romantic instincts of the Moorish townsfolk? Probably not. As a fact, the French have a better chance to win over the Berber villager, active, intelligent, and self-governing. But as an interim policy to bridge critical years the programme would be hard to beat, provided it is realised.

Next tableau: Casablanca, where they talk chiefly trade and commerce. Admiral Darlan had just left, and so had General Ironside—all the big bugs have been inspecting Morocco—but at "Casa" such matters are overshadowed by les affaires, or lack of them. When is the Japanese cheap and tawdry goods hold on the Protectorate to be curbed? This is a dominant question. France has lost all save 20 per cent. of her former £3,000,000 a year trade with her own Protectorate, and Britain all save 5 per cent. of a one-time like annual total, and the whole lot has passed to Japan which buys nothing in return. Moorish leaders are trying to teach the natives that the far superior Franco-British goods are an economy in the end, but the brilliant bazaar cheapness of the Japanese article is so seductive to the half-awake native mind.

I motor-coached de luxe 320 miles down the coast from "Casa" to Agadir, thence a further 50 miles to Taroudant, capital of the Sousse, and on over the High Atlas an additional 150 miles to Marrakesh, all for 13s. That is the kind of thing you can do in Morocco, before it comes to be spoilt. And where the road touched its highest point, T'zni Test, over 9,000 ft., one restored oneself at a scrumptious hotel-eyrie kept by a Saxon-Danish ménage. The air up there shall not be forgotten.

A line or two for written-to-death Marrakesh, which one found packed to the bathrooms, height of the season, Sultan in residence, annual fair in progress, and an Arabian Nights fête just passed, with the simultaneous marriage of the three sons of the celebrated local Pasha El Glaoui, in that palace at Bab Doukkala that has received so many "personalities," from Mr. Lloyd George to the latest honeymooning lovely of note.

Since I was at Marrakesh three years ago, ski-ing has come to the Atlas near at hand. And everything is beautiful for the crowding tourist save for those flies, not winged but human. True, Marrakesh gets typhus—thirteen whites died last outbreak and I don't know how many natives—but that happens in the warm weather when the tourists have departed. Nevertheless, the less you touch and inhale in souks and places, the better.

After all this, what do I know about Morocco? Simply that it has a demonstrably great future, and that the brainiest whites, those with the most savvy, will win.

M. Daladier wants to go to Morocco as soon as he can. That would help the French, though a repetition of the Tunisian native enthusiasm could not be expected. Maybe Morocco's most enthusiastic ones would be "Casa's". 10,000 Italians.

"THE SPHERE" AND ITS SISTER PUBLICATIONS are well displayed on this W. H. Smith bookstall in Brussels, where there is always a keen demand for English journals

PETROL WORLD (*Continued from page* 160)

disappear until approximately April 20. This letter will be carried by plane on a regular route until it reaches Edmonton, Alberta, and then will be carried by the newly-created Trans-Canada airlines. Last year it took six weeks for my SPHERE to reach me. You should note a considerable reduction in time in this letter reaching you."

Actually, my correspondent's letter arrived thirteen days after it was sent. We motorists considered ourselves rather drastically treated this winter by the clerk of the weather but even our hard conditions appear quite insignificant compared with those which my correspondent describes.

It is extremely interesting to note that the Ford Motor Company will this year exhibit examples of their products at the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' Motor Exhibition to be held at Earls Court in October. It will be remembered that these well-known cars have usually been staged in an exhibition of their own frequently at the Albert Hall, and so it is a departure to find them included amongst the exhibits in the annual International Motor Show.

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GROWING POWER OF UNCLE SAM

(*Continued from page* 138)

have received training in educational institutions, the army expects to find its leadership.

This is considered to be a point of particular strength in hasty mobilisation and training of a rapidly expanding army. But there is a glaring weakness. America has no enlisted reserve, excepting in so far as the National Guard may be so considered. Army chiefs in making up their 1938 budget have provided for the beginnings of an enlisted reserve to be constructed similar to the National Guard, and hope to bring it rapidly to a total of 150,000.

In speaking of an enlisted reserve, I refer to trained specialists. This would not include the militia, which embodies all men able to serve between the ages of 18 and 45, a total of some 6,000,000. Although this large body is theoretically without training, many of them would bring to the army a partial proficiency because of training in high school and college. Because of this partial training and because of well-laid plans for mobilisation, 300,000 troops could be put into the field within a few days, at a rate double that of 1917.

Men can fight only as they are supplied. One of the most important steps towards mobilisation taken by the United States has been the enrolment of more than 12,000 factories, producers of industrial goods, which now hold contracts subject to immediate execution on telegraphic order of war-time goods. Some 4,000 of these factories can in an incredibly short time be manufacturing ammunition and weapons, while 8,000 will turn out 200,000 items, from potato-mashers to pants, shoes to shellac.

Some of these items could be eliminated from the list of essentials, but not chemicals, iron, coal, machinery, steel, power, manufacturing facilities and food. Uncle Sam is the only nation on the globe to possess all nine elements within its continental boundaries. The British Empire possesses all nine, although they are scattered among its possessions. The day will come when Russia will have nine, but several of these are undeveloped.

A PEERLESS PRINCESS OF OLD CHINA

(*Continued from page* 148)

brought by special couriers, to return to Peking with his armies.

During his campaign Chao Huei had not forgotten the orders he had received from Ho Shên, and this is where the Chinese story begins.

Where was the lovely princess to be found? Probably in the district where her husband had been killed. She might be in Badakshan. The general demanded her surrender. It appeared that not the least important reason for the killing of the younger Hodja by the Sultan of Badakshan was the latter's desire to seize the young man's wife. She was famous throughout Central Asia. But he was disappointed; nothing he could do brought him nearer to the attainment of his desires. He threatened her. She called him a murderer who had killed her husband. She would sooner die than belong to him.

Then came General Chao Huei's demand for her surrender. The Sultan answered: "Hsiang Fei is the most lovely of all Muhammadan women. To win her is not easy. To give up that perfumed flower is still harder. I will exchange her for ten pairs of rings of white jade from Honan."

Chao Huei agreed.

Clad in his robes of office, the general received her in his tent. He found her sunken in despair and learned that she would neither eat nor drink. If she had succeeded in taking her life, the Emperor's anger would have fallen upon him, so he resorted to subterfuge. He assured her that her husband was held a prisoner in Badakshan, that China was demanding his surrender, and that he was to be taken to Peking, where he would be pardoned and sent back to Aksu with his wife. He sent for her chief ladies-in-waiting and bribed them to calm her. They were commanded to see that her food was prepared by orthodox Muhammadans, and to carry out all her wishes. In order that the long journey from Aksu to Peking should not tire her, the wheels of her carriage were wrapped in strips of felt, and the windows hung with brocade. The carriage was so large that she could lie down in it. In addition to her two favourite ladies, she had twenty slave girls and as many servants, and she always had her own guard of soldiers. As she was accustomed to a daily bath of sheep's milk and koumis, it was arranged that these luxuries should be provided on the journey. After her bath her women rubbed her with perfume and she rinsed her mouth with scented tea. In this way she kept her skin soft and white, and an intoxicating perfume followed her wherever she went. Not only men, but women, were bewitched by her beauty and charm. Everyone showed her the greatest respect. It was known that the Emperor was awaiting her in Peking.

With the armies was the eighteen-year-old Fu K'ang-an, who was believed to be the natural son of the Emperor, and afterwards became famous because of his brilliant campaign against the Gurkhas in Nepal (1792). They often talked together, and she jested with him and teased him. She appeared to have forgotten her sorrow, but probably she was only upheld by the hope of seeing her husband again.

The journey took six months. For the most part they followed the road that Marco Polo had taken 500 years before; and at the Lu-kou-ch'ao bridge, which is called the Marco Polo bridge, and is mentioned by the great Venetian in his travels, the victorious army and its general were received with signal honours.

The Emperor was anxiously waiting to see the Princess from Aksu. Their first meeting took place one evening in a room of the old Summer Palace which had been built by the Jesuits. The Emperor had ordered the eunuchs to lead the princess to his private apartment. Before she entered the room he was conscious of an intoxicating perfume of lotus blooms, but it was neither the scent of flowers nor perfume; it was something superhuman which surrounded her with a mysterious atmosphere.

She stepped proudly and defiantly into the presence of the autocrat. It was this man who by his wars had brought about her husband's death. She refused to greet him. She did not deign to favour him with a single glance, but wept silently.

He, the Son of Heaven, the ruler of the whole world, who was revered and worshipped as a god by hundreds of millions, was powerless before the Princess from Aksu. Had she given way to the Emperor's desire, she would have been able to play an influential part, like Yang Kuei-fei at the court of the Emperor Ming during the T'ang Dynasty. But she remained steadfast. Her virtue and constancy could not be shaken by the greatest man of the age. The story of the fate of this young princess should be read to its tragic end in the pages of *Jehol*.

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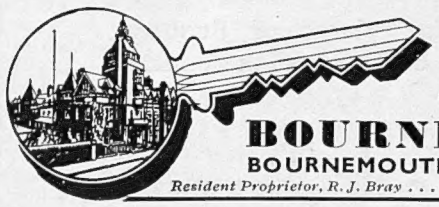

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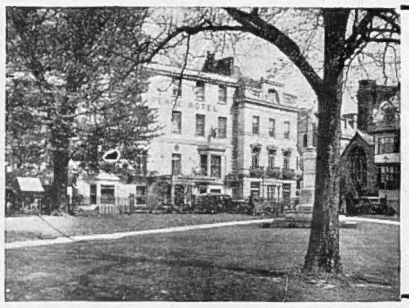

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In Quest of

Where to Stay En Route to while Stopping Places On or

EVERY year more and more English people discover the delights of crossing the border, and every year Scotland is offering more opportunities as a holiday-land of promise. I propose in coming weeks to cover the highways and byways of Scotland, and to pass on my discoveries of hotels, guest-houses and inns. But to begin with, we must not forget that for the person who lives in southern England Scotland is nearly 400 miles away, and there are plenty of possibilities and much advice needed on the journey.

You will be wise, in my opinion, to go to Scotland by car. There are plenty of occasions when you may have to make use of the admirable services run by the two great railway companies which serve the north. But Scotland is a place where so many of its most worthwhile delights are secret, and are discovered only after many a mile of rugged byway. If you are going to Scotland on pleasure bent alone, the car will be a more useful servant than the train. And since the idea of a Scottish holiday is to spend as much of it as possible in Scotland, we shall minimise the journey —as far as it can be minimised—by following the Great North Road. And let nobody sneer at this fine road, for it passes through much lovely countryside and holds many ports of call where you will find comfort and welcome.

Supposing you start from London, you may well find yourself in need of a rest or a meal after some 60 miles ; and at this distance you will do well to keep your eyes open on the left-hand side of the road until, approaching the village of Eaton Socon in Huntingdonshire, you espy the bar parlour window of Ye Olde White Horse.

Do not pass by this pleasant old inn if you are a lover of things quaint and characterful. Here you will find the quaintness of old age—I think I can still feel the bruise on my head received a year ago from a low doorway in Ye Olde White Horse—and the character of an enterprising and skilful proprietress. Mrs. Langtry has just the right touch for dealing with her passing customers, and while I would not use of her inn that much-abused title of "road-house," yet the best way to describe it is to say that she has recaptured the spirit of the eighteenth-century coaching inn in terms of the twentieth century of cars, of cocktails and of hot and cold water.

Northwards from Eaton Socon, and you will pass a long series of villages, each with its hotel, and many of them, I doubt not, good ones. If you want an inexpensive meal or bed for the night, you cannot do better than stop at the imposing P.R.H.A. hotel at Norman Cross. Or, if that does not suit you, I can offer you the wayside charm of the Haycock at Wansford-in-England, where you will always find an excellent meal or a dreamless bed ; or you can go a

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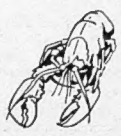

- It is mostly dry and sunny at Sheringham in June.
- Sea, sands, golf links, are inviting ; the Sheringham woods and our five acres of gardens are at their best.
- We offer special terms for the month of June ; in fact, up to July 7th, we offer any one of our 120 bedrooms at the inclusive weekly rate per person of 5 guineas, children 3 guineas.
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CONWAY

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Scotland: A Selection of Worth-Near the Great North Road

little farther north to Grantham, where the ever-hospitable Trust House is called—and rightly so—the Angel.

So far, we have but followed the Great North Road, and such a good road is it that we shall by now be sufficiently far ahead of the clock to make a truly profitable detour. On the north side of Newark, the signposts beg you turn to the right along Foss Way for Lincoln, and you should not fail to do this. For the detour is but a slight one, and the reward is great. Lincoln is one of those cities which on no account should be missed; and the same is true of its principal hotel—the White Hart.

There are so many good hotels on and just off the Great North Road that it is an invidious task to select one in preference to all the others. But let me say this. If you appreciate a night spent in one of the most comfortable country hotels in England, and in the atmosphere of the Cathedral Close rather than the King's highway, you will not regret arriving at Lincoln for the night in time for dinner.

If you divert to Lincoln you will probably rejoin the Great North Road at Markham Moor or, farther up, at Bawtry; and in doing so you will miss Sutton-on-Trent, with the Old England Hotel, about which I have so often written. Perhaps there are occasions when it is worth your while to do even this, but on no account fail to make a note that you must pay a visit there on your return journey.

From Bawtry, the best advice which can be given is to drive north as hard as you can go, for while Doncaster draws its enthusiastic crowds to some of the best race meetings held in England, it is not a town that you want to loiter in for holiday purposes.

On the contrary, drive as fast as you can at least as far as Wetherby. At Wetherby we are faced with a similar choice to the one we encountered at Newark—shall we drive north along A1, or shall we divert for the night to Harrogate? The latter is the wise course, for Harrogate, though totally different from Lincoln, or, indeed, any other town in England, is in its own way memorable; and hotel comfort available here is of all grades and at all prices. In particular, to the motorist, I would recommend the Cairn Hydro—a very comfortable and first-class hotel with moderate prices.

From Harrogate, through Ripon—not forgetting the Spa Hotel—we rejoin the Great North Road at Melmerby, and continue straight along it to Scotch Corner, where this week we will stop.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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